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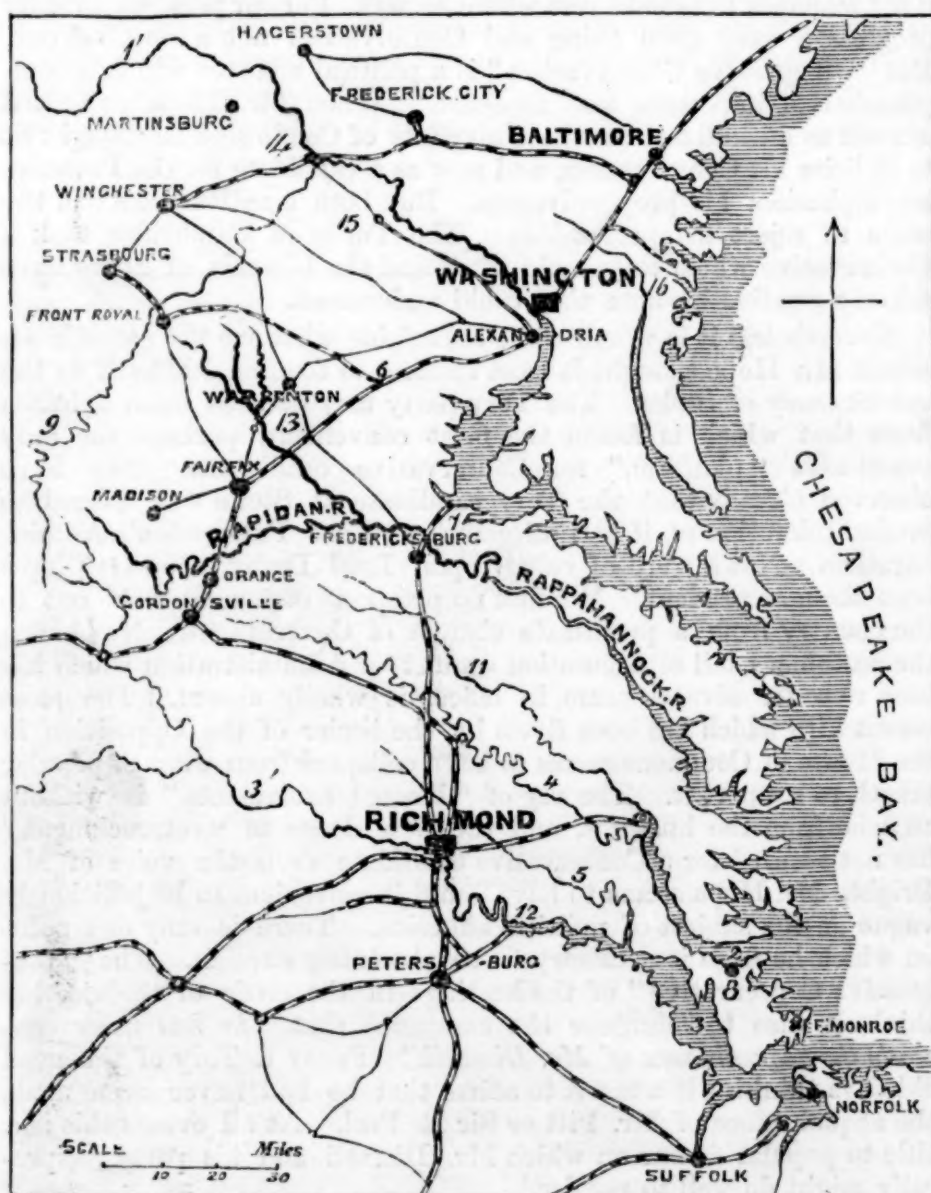
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THE CONFEDERATES IN MARYLAND.



1. Potomac River.
2. York River.
3. St. James River.
4. Pamunkey River.
5. Chickahominy River.

6. Manassas Junction.
7. Aquia Creek.
8. Yorktown.
9. Shenandoah River.
11. Mataponi River.

12. Harrison's Landing.
13. Rappahannock River.
14. Harper's Ferry.
15. Leesburg.
16. Annapolis.

THE accounts which have arrived by the *City of New York* packet from America, of the progress of the war, are far from distinct. The telegrams communicated through Reuter were despatched from New York on the evening of the 16th of September; but there is a private telegram received by Mr. Inman, of Liverpool, which bears date the 17th, and contains intelligence of a terrible battle, "which is said to have been fought between General McClellan and General Lee, at Hagerstown." The same fact appears in other telegrams, dated the 16th, with the addition that the "Confederates were defeated." Hagerstown, which is at the top of the annexed map, is just on the borders of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and is distant sixty or seventy miles from Washington, and about seven miles from the banks of the Potomac.

It may be remembered that a week ago the advanced guard of the

Confederates, under "Stonewall" Jackson, had crossed the Potomac at Point of Rocks—between Harper's Ferry and Leesburg—and had occupied Frederick City, whilst their pickets extended for seven miles in a north-westerly direction towards Hagerstown. At that time General McClellan had just resumed the command of the Federal army, which had retired within the intrenchments around Washington, so that there was no force whatever to oppose the advance of the victorious Confederates. If the Federals expected that their adversaries would sit down before Washington, they must have been grievously disappointed; for as soon as Pope's army had retired to the Potomac, General Lee instantly despatched a large force under Jackson up the Potomac, which he crossed; and he then occupied Frederick City, as already mentioned, whilst Lee himself, who is commander-in-chief, followed with the bulk of his army to Leesburg. The result of this movement was that the Confederates were welcomed in Maryland with acclamation. A proclamation was issued by the Confederate Commander-in-Chief, in which he announced that he had come to liberate the people of Maryland from Federal rule, and stated that it was for them to decide their own destiny without restraint. The Southern people, he said, will rejoice to welcome the people of Maryland, but will only welcome them when they come of their own free will. The effect of this appears to have been successful, for it is said that the Confederates have recruited in Maryland, and that thus their army has been largely increased. In the mean time Jackson advanced to Hagerstown, which he occupied, and even penetrated ten miles farther north to Green Castle, which is on the borders of Pennsylvania. General Stuart, with his Confederate cavalry and some artillery, entered Westminster, which lies between Hagerstown and Baltimore, being only twenty-five miles from the latter city. In short, the whole of Maryland was overrun by the Confederates; and so imminent did the danger appear to the Governor of Pennsylvania that he has called for 50,000 men to resist invasion, and has telegraphed to the Mayor of Philadelphia to raise and forward 20,000 men without delay.

The alarming progress of the Confederates seems to have had its effect at Washington. General McClellan determined to take the field. It is certainly difficult to understand how McClellan, or any other officer, could, within a period of seven or eight days, re-organize that army which had been so terribly beaten on the Chickahominy under himself, and in Virginia under Pope, so as to meet the battalions of Lee, Longstreet, and Stonewall Jackson. Hitherto it has been supposed that McClellan lacked energy and enterprise. Henceforth his accusers must hold their peace; the danger is that he may now commit the opposite mistake of recklessness. But, in truth, McClellan had no choice. It was impossible for the Government at Washington to remain quiet. It was equally impossible for McClellan to do so. If he could by any means collect together any tolerable number of troops, it was his duty to lead them against the enemy. If he failed, he was no worse than if he had not made the attempt; if he succeeded,

he retarded the advance of the enemy until the Northern people had time to collect and drill the men who were to defend their homes. It is far better for the Federal cause that the army should be again defeated than that it should do nothing; it is far better for M'Clellan's reputation that he should fall in battle, even though he lost it, than that he should again be superseded by some more daring officer. Accordingly no sooner did he assume the chief command, than, leaving General Banks in command of Washington, he advanced along the road to Frederick city, which runs nearly parallel to the Potomac. About the 10th of September he had reached Damascus, thirty-four miles from Washington; then he occupied Sugar-loaf mountain, which is nine miles south of Frederick city; next he is said to have occupied Frederick city itself; and about the 14th or 15th he must have reached Hagerstown, between sixty and seventy miles from Washington.

In the meantime, however, "Stonewall" Jackson had been reinforced by the great mass of the Confederate army under Lee and Longstreet. According to the telegram from New York of the 14th instant, that army was estimated at 150,000 men. Having passed through Frederick City, they seem to have stood fast at Hagerstown; and at Hagerstown the terrible battle to which the Liverpool telegrams refer was fought. What the result of that battle may have been is still doubtful. But of this there can be no doubt, that the Confederates have succeeded in their strategy. They did not choose to attack M'Clellan within the lines of Washington. Their desire must have been to compel him, at the earliest moment, to leave his entrenchments, to execute as long and as rapid a march as possible, and then to meet them on some field of battle selected by themselves. All this the Confederates have accomplished. Nor is it probable that an officer so able as Lee would have fought a general action when he had the means of avoiding it unless he had been very confident of success. If the army of M'Clellan has again been defeated, it is difficult to see what can save Baltimore. If, however, General M'Clellan has gained the victory, not only his own prestige but that of the Federal army will at once be restored. He has performed a great feat. With a broken and demoralized army, he will have succeeded in defeating a victorious army, led by skilful and resolute officers, and in a field of their own choice.

The only other occurrences of importance connected with the progress of the war are, that Harper's Ferry seems to have fallen into the hands of the Confederates, so that they have now complete access to the valley of the Shenandoah. In the west the Confederates seem to have regained complete possession of Kentucky. Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, and lying on the banks of that river some four hundred miles west of Washington, is threatened by the Confederates, under Generals Kirby Smith and Braxton Bragg. But they are still south of Covington, which is on the south bank of the river Ohio, opposite to Cincinnati.

THE STOKE-UPON-TRENT ELECTION.

AN election in the parliamentary recess is generally an amusing, and sometimes an instructive, affair. Whatever may be the merits or opinions of the candidates—if, which is not always the case, they happen to have any merits or any opinions—we are able to judge if not what they think, at least what they wish to be thought to think. Three gentlemen, for instance, are rivals for the favours of Stoke-upon-Trent. One is the accredited official candidate of the Whig club, another is a sort of Conservative unattached, the other is a highly respectable Roman Catholic lawyer. Each and all of these gentlemen wonderfully compete, for instance, in their affection for Italian unity. The High Church Conservative, who might be called on to give a vote which would replace Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office, is compelled to declare in favour of a liberal foreign policy. Even the Catholic serjeant is obliged to give up the cause of the Vatican, and to deplore the blindness of the Pontiff. These are expressions of the tone of public opinion which it is impossible to misconstrue. The language of despatches may express the views of individual politicians; even the policy of a Cabinet may symbolise little more than the sympathies of a party; but the bids of the hustings are in effect the exact representation of the feelings of the whole people. The candidate, in the canvass, fixes on those points on which public interest is concentrated, and he feels, or feigns, the emotions by which he hopes to profit.

What is true of the great leading question of foreign policy, is not less observable with respect to what may be called the only practical question of domestic policy, viz., the constitution of the Administration. It would be very difficult to fix on any great distinctive questions which separate the two parties in the State. Matters have resolved themselves, for the moment, into the intelligible issue of Lord Palmerston or Lord Derby. Not that we intend by any means to suggest that this question of the conduct of affairs does not carry with it most important political consequences. On the contrary, it is just in the sudden and momentary decisions which must be taken in unexpected conjunctures, that the difference between one man and another at the helm of the State is most seriously perceived. If a

general election had taken place in the course of the last year, the language of the chiefs of the two parties would probably have been identical. Yet who does not perceive that when the *Trent* affair took us by surprise, the substitution of Lords Derby and Malmesbury for Lords Palmerston and Russell, might and probably would have made just the difference of war or peace with America? The common sense of the country, by an intuitive perception more trustworthy than any refinements of reasoning, has seized instinctively this truth. The addresses of the various candidates do not bear a more unanimous and conclusive testimony in favour of the popularity of the Italian cause, than they do to the public confidence in the existing Administration. Generally speaking, the topics of opposing candidates are to be found in the demerits of the Ministers to whom they are opposed, and the wisdom and virtue of the chiefs whose cause they espouse. But the Conservative candidate at Stoke was most solicitous to disavow all political hostility to Lord Palmerston. If Mr. Hope is rightly reported, he said "he was a progressive Conservative, and was not likely to change,"—a mystical sentiment which it is not very easy to expound. Sir James Graham once created some sensation by a declaration that he "took his stand upon progress," which was considered a somewhat slippery point of resistance. And we confess, but for the dictum of Mr. Hope, we should have supposed that if there was anything which a "progressive Conservative" might be expected to do, it would be to change. Perhaps, however, Mr. Hope only intends by the progression of Conservatism that somewhat profitless activity which is known in the infantry drill as marking time—an ingenious contrivance by which all the bustle of motion is admirably imitated, whilst at the same time the "progressive Conservative" manages to remain just where he was. For our part, we consider progress a very good thing and Conservatism not a very bad one. But "progressive Conservatism" is a political monster which is compounded of imposture and nonsense. When Mr. Hope presented himself as a candidate for the University of Cambridge he thought fit to italicise his Conservatism, and now as a candidate for the Potteries he emphasises his progressiveness. But both constituencies had the sense to reject his pretensions. The Tories of Cambridge took a Conservative whom they could trust, and the Liberals of Stoke have taken a candidate whom they could understand.

Nevertheless it is worth while remarking what are the grounds on which Mr. Hope thought it most discreet to commend himself to the constituency of Stoke. The Tory party may perhaps learn a lesson from that which is found the most convenient, perhaps the only practicable "platform," for Conservative candidates. We have observed already that the Tory candidate at Stoke was obliged to profess toleration of, if not allegiance to, Lord Palmerston's Administration. Not a word of eulogy upon Lord Derby seemed to have been thought prudent. We find no prospects of benefit held out to the country from a proximate change of Government. Nay, even the customary bill of accusation against an Administration which has been now for several years in office, is wholly absent. The most recent kite which has been flown by the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons seems to have collapsed from want of popular breath to support it. The cry of "bloated armaments" is without an echo from the hustings, and the new dodge of "retrenchment" has not secured for a Conservative candidate even the voice of Mr. Bright. Mr. Hope seems to have found it convenient to be judiciously vague on the subject of political adhesion. There is only one point on which he finds it necessary to be absolutely explicit. The "progressive Conservative" of the hustings in the crisis of the election thinks it wise to volunteer the assurance that "he has never even made the acquaintance of Mr. Disraeli." Fancy a Tory of the good old days thinking it a merit to affirm that he had never even made the acquaintance of Mr. Pitt or Sir R. Peel. At all events this is a title to popular favour on which Mr. Disraeli and his party reciprocally might do well to ponder.

Of the other two candidates at Stoke we have not much to say. Mr. Grenfell, who, according to his legal opponent, was sent down from Brookes's, labelled "This side up, with care," is a gentleman unknown to fame. Whatever may be his other merits, good taste and good temper do not seem to be his strong points. He seems to have been in a great degree responsible for converting a public contest into a private brawl. The election correspondence with which the papers have been filled appears chiefly to have arisen out of offensive imputations against his opponents which he was neither able to justify nor willing to retract. Whatever may be the political obliquities of Mr. Hope and Serjeant Shee, they are both of them gentlemen of high honour and untarnished reputation, and, as far as we can judge, they seem to have offered no pretext for the uncourteous and ill-bred personalities with which their antagonist encountered them. It only remains to be hoped that the new M.P. may, by the steadiness of his votes, justify the selection of the persons by whom he was accredited to Stoke, and that, having learnt a lesson from the election, he may show more temper and conduct in his seat than he has done on the hustings.

In the case of Serjeant Shee, it is impossible not to regret that so excellent a man should have deliberately placed himself in so false a

position. The leader of the Home Circuit should have had more judgment than to mistake the clamour of the mob on the nomination day for the returns of the register. The question whether he or Mr. Grenfell first presented himself in the field was comparatively immaterial. A candidate who could only poll thirty-one votes had no business to divide his party in the presence of the enemy. Every one knows Serjeant Shee to be a very able and a very honourable man. No one has made more sacrifices to his conscientious convictions. If he had been a renegade to his faith, his talents would long ago have secured to him a promotion in his profession to which Catholicism, in spite of all protestations in favour of civil and religious liberty, is without question, in a great degree, a practical bar. If he had chosen to make himself the tool of fanaticism, and placed himself, without reserve, in the hands of the priesthood, his abilities would, no doubt, have placed him at the head of the papal phalanx in Ireland. In England he has been the victim of his faith and in Ireland of his moderation. He was too Catholic for the Protestants and too Protestant for the Catholics. But, in spite of all his personal merits, Serjeant Shee's position was, from the first, an impossible one. His eloquence and good humour seemed to have secured for him the sympathies of the mob, but in the present state of European politics and English opinion it is impossible that a Catholic as loyal as Serjeant Shee should secure the suffrages of a Liberal constituency. We trust that in another place, and at some more fortunate period, the learned Serjeant may meet the success he deserves.

On the whole, the Stoke election has ended as it should. The constituency have chosen, if not the best man, at least the best cause. The verdict may be taken as decisively in favour of the Administration and the policy of the Government. It has satisfactorily disposed of the cant of Conservative reaction, whether under the hopeful form of "progressive Conservatism," or any of the other *aliases* by which, in seeking to disguise its true character, it at once discredits its reputation for sincerity, and damages its chances of success.

WILLIAM ROUPELL.

WE had occasion last week to call attention to the strange cant with which a man who was certainly guilty of one, and probably guilty of four murders, took leave of the world from which he was expelled. On Wednesday last a culprit of another kind made his last speech and confession, and, as the reporters are always kind enough to tell us, "walked from the bar with a firm step" into penal servitude for life. Of the many criminals who have won for themselves a high place in their class, William Roupell is on the whole the most remarkable. Sir John Paul and his partners were men of higher social standing. The frauds of Redpath and Pullinger, though not on a larger scale, affected the interests of a greater number of persons. The attorneys who, after years of apparent respectability, have turned out to have passed their lives in plundering their clients, showed longer and more cold-blooded villany; but, taken as a whole, Mr. Roupell's career is unique. He stole at one swoop upwards of £200,000. The persons from whom he stole it were his nearest relations. The process by which he stole it was that of forging his father's will in the house which contained his unburied corpse. The enormity, the simplicity, and the thorough-going character of this crime give it a certain grandeur. It is amongst crimes what an obelisk is amongst works of art—a triumph of boldness and simplicity of conception worked out by an unflagging energy, which no amount of difficulty or labour can daunt. It is true that he had undergone considerable training before this pitch of perfection was reached. No one rises to the top of his art at once. In his lifetime old Mr. Roupell had treated his son with every confidence, and for a considerable time before his death he had been the victim of his frauds; in several transactions apparently—certainly in one—of his forgeries.

Considered in themselves and without any reference to subsequent events these crimes would have been enough to make William Roupell one of the first, if not the very first, of those colossal robbers who are to the nineteenth century what the heroes of Hounslow Heath were to the eighteenth; but the history of his crimes is only the prologue to the most remarkable part of the life of this singular person. Having robbed his family of their father's property, he passed through a short career of splendour in Parliament and elsewhere, during which, according to Serjeant Shee's speech at Kingston Assizes, he "embarked in a career of extravagance and ambition, such as it was, which, at the time, astonished and to some extent scandalized the metropolis." At all events, he got through his ill-gotten wealth somehow or other, and not long ago had to leave England a ruined man. In this there is nothing peculiar. The strange part of the story is that he undoubtedly returned of his own accord from Spain, where he was perfectly safe from punishment, deposed in the witness-box at Kingston to his crimes without suppression or evasion, was committed for trial on the strength of that confession, pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey to the charge of forging a will and a deed, and received sentence of penal servitude for life as the consequence of that plea. Whatever might have been

the motive of this extraordinary conduct, it cannot be denied that it is almost, if not altogether, unexampled. If Roupell has committed the greatest crime against property on record, it must be allowed that he has given the strongest proof of sincere repentance for it that human conduct could possibly give. It is this that gives interest to his speech from the dock. A man who, of his own free will, has embraced penal servitude for life, has a right to be heard with some attention, and not quite without a certain sort of respect, when he gives an account of his life and conduct.

The principal points of this singular speech are as follows:—"In youth he endured great privations of which no one was aware." At the age of twenty-one he got into debt "for some books," the money being due to an intimate friend. His friend got into difficulties, and Roupell "perilled his soul," probably by committing forgery or some other crime, to raise the money to save him. "His subsequent and succeeding crimes were the consequences of the first!" His father, just before his death, expressed to him his desire that he should take all the property after his father's death, and pay certain amounts to the members of the family. His "first crime" prevented him from doing so—that is, apparently, from paying the amounts after taking the money. On the strength of this conversation, he "felt himself justified" in forging the will, though he came afterwards to see that he was not justified. "He could not hope that he would ever be understood." Serjeant Shee's remarks as to his career after his father's death were incorrect. "It was not true that he was personally extravagant. It was not true that he gambled, nor was it true that he was a libertine." When he first left England, "he confessed the whole of his guilt to a gentleman who had the means of making it known to all the parties interested. He remained in England ten days after he made that confession, with his liberty, as it were, pinned to his shoulder. He offered to surrender; he made no provision for himself; he only wished to retrieve the past. He was answered that they did not believe his statement. It was a cleverly concocted scheme for the purpose of saving his family, and he was threatened, that if he moved in the matter, he would, with the rest of his family, be indicted for conspiracy." He left England, and returned under compulsion from his conscience.

Such is the account which Roupell gives of his career. But for the fact of his voluntary return it would not deserve one moment's attention. Experience proves that the greatest characteristic of criminals is their inveterate habit of lying. The last dying speech and confession of a murderer always contains lies. A man who owns every fact that constitutes or aggravates his guilt will lie upon some little collateral circumstance with invincible tenacity. He will insist with his last breath on the fact that a witness, who swore to some unimportant particular, was perjured because it happened otherwise. It would seem as if no instinct were stronger than the determination to be right at all events in something, no matter what. Hence a confession requires closer scrutiny than almost any other kind of statement. Roupell's confession—which does not materially affect his guilt, either morally or legally—is no exception to this rule. The more it is examined, the stranger it looks. It has throughout the air of a statement intended to envelop its hero in a sort of semi-romantic mystery, by which he might be distinguished from the common run of criminals, and its details are so odd that it is most difficult to believe that they are true. "In youth he endured great hardships of which no one was aware." What sort of hardships? He was the illegitimate son of a lead merchant, and was brought up to be an attorney. At a moderately early age—twenty-five or twenty-six—his father treated him with confidence. According to his own account, he proposed to make him his sole heir, and to entrust to him the fortunes of the rest of the family. This looks little like any particular hardships, for such hardships must have been inflicted by his father's treatment. After these hardships he got into debt "for some books," and paid his debt by a crime—probably forgery. The money was lent by a friend who was in pressing need of its repayment, and for whom Roupell "perilled his soul." All the circumstances of his life make this story extremely improbable. An article clerk or attorney, just admitted, is one of the last people in the world who would be likely to get into such desperate difficulties about a bookseller's bill. He would not be collecting a library at that age; and if the books were law books required for his profession, it is incredible that his father, who, being a very wealthy man, had put him into the profession, should not have provided him with what was absolutely necessary for its prosecution. It is possible enough that Roupell may have been led into crime at an early age by some debt which he had to pay, but it can hardly have been for an expense which the most prudent person would incur, and the most severe parent allow to be necessary; nor is it necessary to believe that there was any romantic "perilling of the soul" for the sake of an intimate friend who threatened to commit suicide. If the intimate friend had really lent the money to pay for books, would he not have asked old Roupell for the money before killing himself? The next statement is still more curious. His father told him that he meant him (William Roupell) to take all the property and pay certain sums to the other members of the family. If so, why did he make a codicil

to a will disposing of his property in a totally different way only ten or twelve days before his death? This undoubted fact makes William Roupell's statement utterly incredible; and with it falls to the ground the equally incredible assertion that "he thought himself justified," in consequence, in forging his father's will. If it were worth while to pursue the subject, it might be added that the forged will does not carry out the father's alleged intention, as it leaves the whole of the property to the mother, and not to William Roupell, and makes no provision for the other members of the family. Next come the contradictions of Serjeant Shee's statements as to Roupell's extravagance. He was neither "personally extravagant, nor a gambler, nor a libertine." Then what became of the money? The only answer is contained in the phrase, "He could not hope that he would ever be understood." Here, again, is the same resort to mystery, the same endeavour to excite a romantic interest, as in the case of the young man's intimate friend for whose sake the criminal "perilled his soul." Before leaving England, Roupell confessed the whole to a gentleman "who had the means of making it known to all persons interested." If he did make this confession, he must have known that he risked little by it. He said in effect to the purchasers of his estates:—"Gentlemen, I have to inform you that your titles are good for nothing, and if you like to establish that fact in a court of law, you may have the further satisfaction of convicting me of forgery, and of handing back the property to my relations." A man must have a wonderfully stern love of justice who, in order to convict a stranger of forgery, would involve himself in utter ruin.

For these reasons, there would be no difficulty in regarding the whole story as a tissue of falsehoods if it were not for the strange circumstance of the criminal's voluntary return. It is impossible to account for this on any other ground than that on which he puts it—the power of remorse.

It is incredible that a man whose life has been passed in defrauding his family, who forged his father's will in the house where he was lying dead, and who, somehow or other, ran through the property thus acquired without a thought for his mother or his brothers, should have given himself up to penal servitude for life out of regard to their interest. In all probability he did so from a *bonâ fide* longing to satisfy, as far as possible, the demands of his conscience. If this be so, and it be true that, on his last public appearance, he made a deliberate attempt to deceive the world, and to invest his crimes with a tinge of mystery and romance, he has added one more to the many proofs which experience supplies of the strangely one-sided manner in which conscience acts. It makes the oddest compositions. Sometimes it will sleep whilst a man commits the most monstrous crimes, if he will only wear a religious and charitable exterior. Sometimes, having compelled restitution and confession, it will appear, in return, to permit a good deal of lying. In short, it is a purblind and capricious guide, though it is the best which each individual man has. It is well for us all that in the positive rules of morality and in the criminal law these eccentricities are unknown. Whatever may be the ins and outs of Roupell's career, he has forged a will and a deed, he is sentenced to penal servitude for life, and it serves him perfectly right.

MR. LAING AT MANCHESTER.

THE return match between Mr. Laing and Sir Charles Wood came off last week at Manchester. The first trial of strength, it will be remembered, took place at Westminster towards the close of the parliamentary session, and on that occasion Sir Charles Wood had the field all to himself. Whatever may have been the strength or weakness of Mr. Laing's case, its strong points were certainly never presented to the House. No champion appeared in his defence on either side of the House. Members of the Opposition were contented to remain amused spectators of the controversy that was raging among the ranks of their opponents, and no one on the Ministerial benches seemed inclined to prolong the dispute. So it happened that Sir Charles Wood's statement remained without a reply. Mr. Laing's turn has now come. The address of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce gave him the opportunity which was before denied him, and he has not been slack in seizing so advantageous a moment for defending his own policy, and attacking Sir Charles Wood. Mr. Laing could not have found a fitter audience to whom to address his philippic. The manufacturers have no love for the Secretary of State for India. That Minister has not been fortunate in winning the esteem of those with whom he has had relations in his official capacity. On more than one occasion the cotton-spinners have sent deputations to him, but, as Mr. Laing took care to remind his audience, they had only "got a good snubbing for their pains." Mr. Laing was perfectly aware that the Secretary of State had got no friends in the Mayor's room at Manchester, and accordingly he hit him hard.

It is not worth while to revive the old controversy as to the disputed items of account in the last Indian budget. Mr. Laing himself referred to it only to the extent of reasserting the substantial accuracy of the view which he presented of Indian finances. Far

more important questions have since then come up for discussion. Mr. Laing accordingly passed lightly over these matters of account, and threw himself at once into those questions of Indian politics which were the most interesting to the audience that was before him. Those happened to be the questions on which Sir Charles Wood differed from Lord Canning, and in consequence the greater part of Mr. Laing's speech is neither more nor less than an impeachment of the Minister for India. Many of the charges contained in this lengthened philippic were, however, made with no little unfairness, though with singular ability. The materials were arranged with consummate skill. Though the Legislative Council of Calcutta cannot be considered as a great school of oratory, Mr. Laing's residence in India appears to have developed his powers as a speaker. The gorgeous scenes of the East seem to have impressed his imagination, and given vigour to his style. His first effort was to make his audience rise to his own grand idea of what India is likely to become in a few years. In bold, but not exaggerated language, he tells the manufacturers that "he saw no reason why, if things went on well for the next fifteen or twenty years, the trade with India should not be larger than our trade was now with the whole world. He saw no reason why India should not supply England with at least half the tea and coffee that were consumed in Europe, with a large portion of the cotton and linseed oil, jute, hemp, and other valuable produce, to an almost unlimited extent." But he reserved the most striking point of the picture for the last. Manchester wants new markets for her manufactured goods as well as new supplies of the raw material. India offers both. There is "a population of 200 millions all exclusively clothed in cotton fabrics, and these people advancing in prosperity at a rate unparalleled in the history of the world." It was only along the margins of the great rivers and to the large towns that English goods had hitherto penetrated, but there was no reason why Manchester should not enter in and take possession of the whole of this unlimited field. This was the brilliant future that might be, but there was a condition attached to it. A writer, quoted by Mr. Laing, likened the prosperity that was thus opened in India to the building of the palace by Aladdin's lamp in a single night. But unfortunately, said the speaker, there was a closer point of resemblance to the Arabian tale. "Another magician had come in and given the lamp a rub, and the whole thing had vanished." This wicked magician was Sir Charles Wood.

Mr. Laing selected two measures as an illustration of the manner in which, as he alleged, the progress of India was obstructed by the present Secretary of State. The first of these related to the sale of waste lands in fee simple. This measure has long been a favourite scheme with the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. It was, indeed, in consequence of representations coming mainly from that quarter that the subject was originally taken up by Lord Stanley during his brief term of office, and recommended to the consideration of the Indian Government in a despatch which has become famous. The resolution of Lord Canning, authorizing the sale of all waste lands at the disposal of the Government at a uniform price, was, therefore, hailed with delight by the manufacturers and other persons interested in the application of English capital to the soil of India. Mr. Laing charged Sir Charles Wood with completely reversing Lord Canning's policy, and distinctly told his audience that it was as difficult at present to obtain land in fee simple in India as in the old days of the Company's monopoly. Nothing, however, can be a more unfair account of what Sir Charles Wood has really done. That Minister has not reversed Lord Canning's policy as to allowing the sale of waste lands in fee simple,—he has only modified some of the details of the mode in which it is to be effected. The most important alteration is that which requires the land to be put up to auction and not sold at a uniform upset price. There appears to be no reason why a piece of land which is favourably situated with reference to means of irrigation, or the neighbourhood of good markets, should be disposed of by the Government on the same easy terms as another piece which is without these advantages. There may, of course, be differences of opinion as to the wisdom of some of the modifications introduced by Sir Charles Wood, but it is disingenuous to represent alterations in mere detail as the reversal of a great policy.

Mr. Laing somewhat exaggerates the importance of the question relating to the sale of waste lands. The measure will, no doubt, be valuable, as far as it comes into operation, by promoting European enterprise in India. But the extent of its application must necessarily be limited, for the simple reason that the quantity of waste land at the disposal of the Government, and at the same time suitable for the settlement of Europeans, is not very great. Mr. Laing speaks of it as if it embraced half the soil of India. "With half a continent to dispose of," he says, it cannot matter whether the price is a shilling more or less by the acre. The great point is to have it cultivated. This statement gives a very erroneous impression of the facts of the case. It is true there are large tracts of waste land, but much of it is not at the disposal of the Government to sell, inasmuch as the natives have certain rights of common and pasturage over it, which must be carefully guarded. Much of the remainder is wholly unfit for the residence of Europeans, or unsuitable for the cultivation of those products

which a European could profitably undertake. The operation of the measure will therefore be confined to certain limited tracts along the slopes of the Himalayas and other hilly districts. Mr. Laing referred his audience to the numerous Blue-books and other documents on Indian subjects in confirmation of his views. In one of the Blue-books published in the present year, there will be found a detailed account of all the waste lands at the disposal of the Government in the several presidencies, which is sufficient to show that Mr. Laing presented a very exaggerated view of the extent to which the measure can be applied.

The other measure to which Mr. Laing referred, in illustration of the mode in which, as he alleged, Indian progress was obstructed by interference from home, was the proposed law of contracts. A bill was introduced some time since into the Council of Calcutta by the late Mr. Ritchie, the effect of which was to place the breach of certain assigned contracts on the same footing as criminal offences, and to visit the offenders with the same pains and penalties as for misdemeanors. This would have been to introduce a principle totally foreign to our laws. Moreover, the contracts in question were those relating to rent, and to allowances made to the ryots by planters, and were, therefore the contracts in which English capitalists were particularly interested. Thus, there would have been a special law of great severity made for the sole benefit of those who were the law-makers, under cover of which the most terrible oppression might have been exercised upon the unfortunate natives. Most Englishmen will be of opinion that Sir Charles Wood exercised a sound discretion in refusing to ratify the proposed law of contracts, and that however desirable it may be to promote the application of European capital to Indian enterprise, such a law would have been too high a price to pay for it. We have not space at present to enter into Mr. Laing's complaints of the undue interference of the Home Government with the Governor-General in matters of detail. There is, no doubt, good ground for some of these complaints, though we cannot think that questions affecting the whole land revenue of India are matters of detail. Mr. Laing lays the blame of this undue meddling at the door of the new India Council, and proposed to the Chamber of Commerce to commence an agitation for the purpose of remodelling it. This is, however, too important a question to be dismissed hastily, and must be reserved for another occasion.

THE MANIFESTO OF THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.

SINCE the death of Cavour we have had from Italy no diplomatic document equal in force and ability to the last circular of the Rattazzi Cabinet. It is now clear how great a service has been done to the Italian cause by the ill-starred enterprise of Garibaldi. His last expedition was never anything else than a tumultuous civic demonstration. All but its romantic chief and his immediate partisans knew that its failure, in a military sense, was merely a question of days. We may regret the wounds and the captivity of Garibaldi himself, as we should regret the early death or discomfiture of many a patriot who is sacrificed in a premature effort. Yet if his sacrifice of himself has enabled the Italian people to give a signal proof of their stability and self-control; if it has forced an indolent Cabinet to put itself at the head of the nation, and, with new-found energy and talent, to enter upon a truly national policy,—Italy has not lost, but gained. That the sword of General Garibaldi would be like the spear of Ithuriel, and that Rome would be re-conquered by his arm, nobody believed,—except perhaps those muscular Christians of the revolutionary school who imagine that the finest troops in Europe are no match for a levy *en masse* of bare-legged peasants. A corn-riot may be an important and salutary lesson to Ministers, though the leading rioters have all been sabred by the soldiery. This sort of manifestation must be estimated, not so much by the personal success or failure of those who engage in it, as by the change it produces in the aspect of political questions. General Garibaldi has been defeated and taken prisoner. But, on the other hand, the cause of Italy has made a move. Things are not as they were. The Italian King and his Ministers stand silently pledged to do for Italy themselves what Garibaldi could not be lawfully permitted to do in their stead. The first fruit of this tacit promise is the circular manifesto of General Durando, which breathes a spirit of determination very unlike anything that we have had before from the Government of Rattazzi. The Foreign Minister of Italy points out clearly and significantly to France and to the Courts of Europe that henceforward Victor Emmanuel is doubly committed in the eyes of his people. Italy has made an effort for the sake of the French alliance, but the effort is a supreme and final one. The illustrious blood shed in the mountain skirmish at Aspromonte is the last instalment of the debt of gratitude due for the French blood shed at Magenta and Solferino. The whole Italian nation, says General Durando, claims its capital. It has only resisted the impulse of Garibaldi because convinced that the King's Government would be able to accomplish the mandate which they have received from Parliament respecting Rome.

The thin veil of religious zeal which had half-concealed the real

objects of the French occupation is gradually being broken down. It is highly honourable to the best journals of Paris that, as it disappears, they become more and more unanimous in their sympathy with Italy. Till recently it was supposed that the Emperor was withheld, by regard for the half-pious, half-selfish scruples of his subjects, from perfecting the work which he began on the plains of Lombardy, and which he has at subsequent intervals prosecuted by the agency of his own anonymous pamphleteers. The cloud of mist that hangs over the actions and motives of Imperial cabinets and closets, is fast melting away. We begin to understand things as they are. Suspicion dawns upon us in proportion as our eyesight clears. We are slowly drawn to the unpleasant belief that the maintenance of the French garrison at Rome is, after all, nothing much better than part of an Imperial plan. The most violent supporters of the French Emperor cannot but confess that a considerable body of Liberals in this country and elsewhere have abstained throughout from those attacks upon his character and person which, under all circumstances, were so natural and so pardonable. They were willing to recognise Napoleonism for what it was worth, and feared to denounce its vices for fear of strengthening the hands of the reactionary Courts of Europe. It will not be their fault if they are at last alienated by the appearance of the cloven hoof. There is some reason to fear that Napoleon III. still hankers after that illicit European influence which the first Napoleon seemed to consider his due in virtue of his sword. We shall be sorry to be convinced that the line adopted by France in the last Italian war was a selfish one, and that that war was undertaken not because her Emperor loved Italy, but because he hated Austria. Yet so indeed it appears. The motives of most men are mixed, and even enthusiasts are often willing to accept of earthly rewards after their victory. It was excusable if the conqueror of Villafranca withdrew from his costly enterprise with a disposition to compel Italy to be satisfied with a half success. Perhaps he thought, as many great Italians have thought, that an Italian confederation was as useful as unity to Italy herself, while it would be less displeasing to the jealous and susceptible vanity of France. The natural configuration of the Peninsula might have seemed, in the abstract, to be more suited for a divided than for a united kingdom. The ancient glories of Italian municipalities might have seemed, to an historic mind, to be weakened by too much administrative centralization; nor, in the opinion of a timid speculator, would the independence of the Catholic Church be best assured by withdrawing all earthly temporalities from the sway of the Pope. These were considerations which, three years ago, might fairly weigh with Napoleon III., and which he might with decency desire to press upon the Italians. But the aspect of affairs has changed since the day of Villafranca. By the annexations of the Duchies, of Naples, and of Sicily, the scheme of a confederation has been decisively overturned. The logic of accomplished facts must have its force. It is not possible now for the Cabinet of Turin to retrace its steps, and to return to the speculative problem of what is best for Italy. National unity is no longer a splendid promise of the future. It is an idea which has virtually been realized. The position, therefore, of the monarch who keeps the Italians out of Rome, is no longer that of a politician who has an idea of his own to urge. It is simply that of an ungenerous benefactor, who, finding that his own suggestions cannot be carried out, refuses to allow the last coping-stone to be added to an edifice which, whether he chooses to acknowledge it or no, has actually been built.

For the existence and the strength of the new Italian kingdom the possession of Rome is no longer necessary. Withholding it will not undo the work that has been done. Nor will it prevent Italy, one and indivisible, from becoming a great military power, and taking that place which Providence has given her in Europe. All that it can do is to endanger her internal peace. The Imperial programme, as set forth by M. de la Guéronnière, is a mere dog-in-the-manger policy. It does not hinder the peninsula from being strong or formidable; it only hinders it from being at rest. A statesman who was not blinded by the traditions of a school, a clique, or a family, would see in time that by her present course France is injuring her own influence. The Emperor Napoleon is exhausting Italian gratitude, without weakening perceptibly the resources of the Italian kingdom. Hitherto he has had only grateful allies on the other side of the Alps. Already he is converting his allies into jealous and irritated debtors. Before long the obligation will be felt to have been discharged, and they will have become vindictive enemies. It has been the fashion for many French Imperialists to tell us that England is only Italian to spite France. If England desired irretrievably to harm the French Emperor, she need only wish that he might persist in opposing the just hopes of the Italians. He is cancelling, as fast as he can, the history of the campaign of 1859. What more could the most malignant rival desire? But the frank disclosure that has recently been made of the state motives that still require the presence of the French eagles at Rome, relieves the English people from a considerable perplexity. As a Protestant power, this country has, till now, felt some delicacy in interfering openly in a question so intimately concerning Catholicism. Let it now be

remembered that the French occupation no longer is justified upon religious grounds. Upon no other grounds can the French Cabinet expect us for a moment to acquiesce in a flagrant violation of the principles of non-intervention. While it was a question of the Pope and his tottering tiara, Englishmen scrupled to speak out. The case is changed, if it is a mere question of Imperial vanity and aggression. The complete letter-writer who is at the head of the Foreign Office, who was so anxious to remind the Cabinet of Turin two years ago that England had interests in the Adriatic, may with equal decency amuse his leisure hours by reminding the Cabinet of the Tuileries that England has interests in the Mediterranean. If France for her own selfish ends may garrison Rome, Austria may with propriety seize upon Ravenna, and England occupy Sicily. The world knows well enough that the English nation will never consent in their turn to annex and to occupy, even by way of reprisals. But it is time that Lord Palmerston's Cabinet should demand frank explanations on the subject of what, if M. de la Guéronnière be a semi-official organ of the Tuileries, is nothing more or less than a profligate and interested aggression upon the Italian capital. The Emperor's conduct will deserve no better construction, unless we are to interpret the tardy publication in the *Moniteur* of his correspondence with M. Thouvenel last May, as a sign that he is at length about to withdraw from a false and suspicious position. It is incredible, however, that he could at any time have expected that the project of conciliation or compromise between Italy and the Papal Court, which was propounded in his letter, could ever be accepted. The Pope and Victor Emmanuel must equally have replied to such proposals with a *non possumus*, on different grounds. It is impossible for the Pope to come to any arrangement by which he will sanction what, in his eyes, seems a sacrilegious robbery; it is equally impossible for Victor Emmanuel to promise that he will never enter Rome as the capital of Italy. In framing a proposal, therefore, which involved such impossibilities, the French Emperor could never have thought they would be accepted. But at the same time, by compelling the Pope to reject them, the Emperor compelled the Pope once more to incur the responsibility of rejecting every possible solution of the Roman difficulty. The result was, that the Pope was once more distinctly told that the French occupation must be limited. For a time, the fact of this announcement has been concealed from the world. The expedition of Garibaldi, the reception of M. de la Guéronnière's schemes, and the circular of General Durando, have once more compelled the Emperor to speak. Once more he seems to have abandoned the attempt to stem the revolution, and has, as it were, bound himself to consult the wishes of the Italian people.

The line that M. Rattazzi's Government should adopt is at last tolerably clear. If an unfavourable answer should be returned from Biarritz to their last urgent appeal to French honour, they have but one thing to do. Gratitude and decency will certainly prevent them from any forcible attempt on Rome, in which they would as certainly be unsuccessful. But they may proclaim Rome the capital of Italy, and treat the French intervention as a *de facto* occupation which prevents them from entering on their patrimony. They may receive Roman deputies into the Turin Chamber. They may announce to Europe that they have done so, and that they only wait for a happier turn of Fortune's wheel to convert their nominal sovereignty over the capital into a real and permanent one. The last card—that of a complete religious rupture with the Papacy, and the establishment of a national Church—may still remain unplayed. Perhaps it is not for the interests of piety that it should be played at all. Nor may it be necessary to use it. Even the audacious and intriguing genius who presides over France might shrink from driving them to that desperate expedient. Of one thing the Emperor may be satisfied. Hereafter, if he keep his troops at Rome, he will be outraging the patience of Italy and the sympathies of all lovers of freedom throughout the world. But heavy as is the price he pays, he will not gain his end. It will be found that he is contending fruitlessly against a destiny greater than his own;—for the star of Italy is greater even than the star of Napoleon, and in fighting against a determined and free people he is fighting against Providence itself.

PROPOSED SUBSTITUTES FOR COTTON.

IT is not surprising that the sudden interruption of our usual supply of cotton, and the distress with which that interruption threatens to overwhelm so many hundred thousands of our people, should have stimulated the ingenuity and research of speculators, in the hope of discovering some other material which should supply the deficiency. Many suggestions have been made, and several experiments have been undertaken with this view. Some of these are not altogether destitute of promise. But few of the suggesters seem fully aware of the conditions which must be fulfilled by any article which shall be of much real use, either to supersede or to supplement cotton. In the first place, it must be attainable in large quantities, and without any long delay. The withdrawal of the American crop has created a deficiency to the extent of 4,000,000 bales, or 18,000,000 cwt. Small quantities will produce little effect upon

such a vast hiatus, and if the substitute has to be grown after much preparation, we may as well turn our endeavours to the growth of the genuine article. In the next place, it must be such as can be spun on the cotton machinery at present in use, or with such modifications as can be readily grafted upon it. Anything of the nature of flax or wool, anything that is of very long fibre, may be valuable as a substitute for the cotton *trade*, but scarcely as a substitute for raw cotton. In the third place, it must be producible at a price below 6d. per lb., or even less. For a long series of years American cotton has been sold in Liverpool at 4d. and 5d., and Indian cotton at 2½d. and 3d. per lb.; and though few expect to see such low prices again for some years, yet so many countries, it is said, can deliver the article at 6d., or less, that any material which is to *supersede* it must be supplied decidedly below that figure.

Some years ago, Chevalier Claussen announced that he had discovered a plan by which flax could be adapted to cotton machinery, by cutting up the fibre into short lengths; and also that he had perfected some processes by means of which flax could be grown and prepared at a far cheaper rate than was then current. His patents, however, never came into use; either the material, when prepared, was found more costly than cotton, or less serviceable, or not easily workable on existing machinery. Cotton was to be had in abundance, and the discovery fell into oblivion, which, had it been really available, it never could have done. *Flax waste*, indeed,—that is, the refuse which is combed out as being too short to be of any use in making linen,—is quite manageable when used in conjunction with cotton; but the supply of this, like the supply of rags, is necessarily limited, and cannot be increased at will.

Jute is a material which, as being both cheap and abundant, has naturally excited a good deal of the attention of the projectors who are busy with this question. It can be procured in abundance from our Indian possessions, and probably from other quarters as well. It is already an article of extensive importation. In 1861 we received 904,000 cwt.; and in the first eight months of this year, we have received 696,300 cwt. The price, though it has now risen in consequence of speculative demand, does not, in ordinary years, average more than 16s. per cwt., or about 1½d. per lb.; and if capable of being made fit at all for cotton machinery, could no doubt be delivered in a fit state at or under 3d. per lb. Thus far, therefore, it would meet the conditions of the problem. Messrs. Thomson, of Dundee, have made considerable progress in preparing it for this purpose, and may, perhaps, succeed in the end. At present, however, the article they have produced is far too long and coarse, and resembles wool rather than cotton. It might, we have little doubt, be mixed with wool, and possibly with flax, and so cheapen both those fabrics; but whatever may be the case in future, it is not yet adapted to be a substitute for cotton, either wholly or in part.

Two other materials have recently been submitted to some of our more enterprising and inquiring manufacturers,—one from America and one from France,—both of which are reported to be very promising. But both have been sent over only in the form of samples, and in very small quantities; and it seems questionable whether they can be furnished in any abundance. The Frenchman demands £50,000 before he will divulge his secret, and has refused to execute a large order which was offered him; while the American declares that he is fully employed in supplying the demand of his own country.

Besides the above, a new material was announced a few weeks since, with a considerable flourish of trumpets, through the medium of a respectable London solicitor. It was to be very cheap, very abundant, and immediately available. It was procurable in this country, and would not require a single acre of land for its production. Its inventor or discoverer—or rather, it would be more correct to say, its suggester, Mr. Harben, has just revealed his secret, and exhibited samples of his material, to a number of qualified gentlemen in Manchester, who have reported upon it. The result, as we anticipated, is not favourable. Mr. Harben had not been at the trouble of working up his idea into anything approaching a practical shape. The samples submitted consisted of the sea-weed riband, *Zostera marina*, in a dried and a raw state, a few fibres dyed, and a few threads on paper. Of course, on such data it was utterly impossible to form any opinion as to the suitability or workability of the article; nor had Mr. Harben been at the trouble of ascertaining by what process the weed could be reduced to the state of fibre available for cotton machinery, or what would be the probable cost of such process. He seemed to think that if chemists and spinners would set to work, they would be able to succeed, in some way or other, in solving the problem of which he had thrown out to them the rough suggestion.

The impression of those who saw the article, and of those who know the weed, was that it gave scant promise of usefulness. It is in truth only one of the many vegetables which, when dried, beaten, or otherwise manipulated, yield *woody fibre* more or less similar to tow, flax, hemp, or jute. But woody fibre is essentially distinct from cotton, both in its practical character and in its botanical peculiarities, as ascertained by the microscope. Cotton wool is smooth, fine,

short, and *elastic*; flax and all its analogues are comparatively long, coarse, rough, and *rigid*; and, as far as we know yet, the *length* is the only one of these disqualifying qualities which can be corrected. Little, therefore, we fear, is to be hoped from any of them. They may be mixed with, or to some extent substituted for, flax, and perhaps wool, and so render linen and woollen goods cheaper than at present. But as *substitutes* for the raw material cotton, and as fitted for cotton machinery, nothing really promising has yet been found.

At present the matter rests there. We entertain little doubt that many materials could be found or made, which, at a certain price, and under adequate pressure, would serve the purpose of cotton more or less imperfectly,—just as paper of some sort may be manufactured out of almost anything. It is equally indisputable that the high price which cotton goods have now reached will greatly stimulate the demand and supply both of wool and flax. It is certain, also, that if cotton remains at even one-third of its present value, we shall ere long receive largely increased supplies from all quarters. But all is yet problematic. The most probable anticipation is that, long before either woollen or linen goods have extensively superseded cotton goods,—long before new countries have organized a system for the growth of the raw material we need from them,—long, too, before any artificial substitute for that material shall have been discovered and perfected,—the American war will be at an end, and we shall receive our old supply of the genuine and unrivalled article as usual.

This being the probable state of the case, it is questionable how far we should be wise in introducing any new system for stimulating the growth in India—such as Mr. Money has been advocating in the columns of the *Economist*, and such as Mr. Laing in his recent speech at Manchester alluded to. It is, of course, desirable that we should draw our cotton from as many quarters as possible, in order that we may not be dependent upon any one. It is, too, desirable that the Indian Government should give every countenance they can to the endeavours of our merchants to secure an adequate supply from our fertile dependency, and should facilitate the transmission of that supply by the multiplication of canals and roads. But we are by no means certain whether, if new systems are to be organized, and large sums to be expended in preparing for our future wants, the scene of such outlay and organization should not be Africa rather than India, since in Africa the *precise quality we need* (the American or Orleans cotton) grows abundantly, and is indigenous. It is customary among superficial writers to contrast the uncertainty which in future must hang over the American supply, with the supposed absence of all liability to interruption in that which we obtain from India. But how this confidence can be entertained by any one who remembers the recent past, we are at a loss to understand. Most assuredly, the American war was not a catastrophe one whit more probable or more foreseen than the Indian mutiny. The one certain and profitable truth to lay to heart is, that a supply drawn from *any* single source must always be precarious.

JOKING IN EXTREMIS.

THE ruling passion is strong in America, even in the most death-like of its struggles for national existence. If the fatal hour has come, and the pangs of dissolution are close at hand, there will be with the Americans, as with so many heroes of a lower dramatic interest, the satisfaction of dying game. A nation which considers its principal mission to be that of providing "sensations" for the rest of mankind, will not pass away without showing some sign; the bluest of fires and the loudest of trumpets shall at least proclaim its doom. The last new idea which has struck the imagination of the newspaper editors of New York is that of making a joke of the war. The series of disasters which terminated in the retreat from Centreville have been, it is not perhaps too much to say, irreparable to the Northern States. From ten to twenty thousand citizens have been killed or wounded, the equivalent of some million dollars has been lost, and the integrity of the Union is beginning to be despaired of. Under these circumstances the obvious question arises, what will be the most startling thing that the inhabitants of New York can do? What conduct will most surprise quiet people in Europe? The editor of the *New York Herald* has decided—and we cannot but think he has decided rightly—that the most unexpected and astonishing course which he can take will be that of treating the losses of the army with a pleasant and lively ridicule. The war has, indeed, so far, been, by no means fertile in jokes. Either the Irish regiments have been deserted by their native fun, and the shrewd humour of the Yankees has failed them, or else, as we should have considered more probable, both sides have had too much to do with the serious business of the war to pay much attention to the lighter side of life. There was the joke about the Belgian rifles towards the beginning of the war, and their miraculous recoil; the captain, they said, could always tell how many of his men had fired by counting the number that lay sprawling on the ground afterwards. Lately there has been the telegraphic joke, which, whether the facts be authentic or mythical, has by this time been laughed over at every breakfast-table in Great Britain. With these exceptions, hostilities have been terribly dull. There has been no

shade of merriment to enliven the dreary spectacles of sickness and defeat. Now, thinks New York, it is time for a little harmless mirth. People cannot always be mournful, even if sons and brothers do get shot sometimes by the enemy. It is sad to think that a thousand men lay shockingly wounded for three days on the plains of Groveton, without a drop of water to drink or a single hand to help them. But sad though it be it does not do to be always contemplating it. Tears, idle tears, the New York journalists cannot think what on earth you mean. Away with melancholy. Would it not be a good idea if some enterprising publisher were to bring out a Comic History of the War for Christmas circulation?

The occasion which has immediately called out the humorous powers of New York is one which would be absurd enough if viewed otherwise than in connection with the fate of a nation. We can quite understand a Richmond paper making mirth of it, on the principle that those may laugh who win; and that Englishmen should be amused is natural enough. What surprises us is that those should laugh so loud who lose so irremediably. On the 22nd of last month, General Pope's army was encamped near the Rappahannock, his own quarters being close to a spot called Catlett's Station, secure, as he supposed, from the enemy. Here were the tents of his officers, here his maps and despatches, here the materials of his wardrobe. History does not record—perhaps it has not yet had time to invent—how many socks and waistcoats were to be found among the equipment of the General. But to their owner it matters little now. That fatal Friday night found the head-quarters of the army negligently guarded, and the *prætorium* itself fell a prey. There took place what is officially styled a "rapid dash." The rebel General Stuart, with 1,200 cavalry, rode in upon the waggon trains, captured a number of horses, broke up the staff-train itself, scared the teamsters, shot the sentinels, and made a clean sweep of the whole personal property of the unhappy Pope. Not Mazeppa when he was loosed by the Tartars, not Œdipus when they left him on Cithæron, could have been more forlornly destitute of all that tailors sell. It was bad enough to lose his official memoranda and plans of the campaign; but, even in the absence of these, it would have been possible to dress for dinner. As it was, the loss was hopeless. The ill-fated commander may hereafter rise to eminence and glory—he may provide himself again with the necessaries of life, and money will procure him its comforts—he may command armies and gain victories—possibly, if fortune does not fail him at so giddy an elevation, he may some day come to achieve one half of the success of which his own despatches speak,—but never in this world will General Pope see those dress boots any more.

So far the subject is by no means dismal, except to the victim himself. It happened, however, that the day on which the news was brought was that on which the first of the great battles was fought which decided the issue of the summer campaign. This raid of Stuart's was actually the beginning of troubles—the earnest of defeat after defeat. The facetious correspondent to whom the task was entrusted of making merry with the "rapid dash," appears in print side by side with another who describes the retreat to Warrenton. In justice to him it must be said that his narrative is amusing enough; and to add to its piquancy, he represents his merriment as being partly at his own expense. He left—though we fear that the loss is but a fiction invented to give a personal interest to the story—a certain amount of baggage at Catlett's station, and went for a tour in Virginia; and when he returned to find it, he sought and found it not. "The only article I could find having any semblance to aught I ever possessed, was the bottom of an oilcloth 'carpet-bag,' with my initials painted in white letters thereon, lying in a mudhole near the wreck of an army ambulance." The story of certain pantaloons which the writer professes to have lost, and in which very articles of dress he declares that he was married but a few months before, is somewhat too audacious; though, as the readers like their joke at this particular season, they probably like to have it pretty stiff, and plenty of it. The best part of the letter is the catalogue of the several articles which were saved by the various officers of the staff, which has been already copied into some English journals:—

Name.	Articles Saved.
Gen. Pope	... Ridge-pole of his tent.
Col. Ruggles, Chief of Staff	... Carpet of tent.
Gen. Roberts, Chief of Artillery	... Everything.
Major Selfridge, A.A.G.	... Two dozen paper collars.
Col. Cleary, Q.M.	... Liquor-case only.
Col. McComb, C.E.	... His bradawl wrench.
Col. Morgan	... Nix.
Col. Butler	... Ditto.
Col. Beckwith	... His spectacles only.
Major Meline	... His splendid mess-chest intact.
Capt. Shunk	... Three soiled socks.
Capt. Asche	... Everything.
Capt. Goulding	... Two clocks.
Capt. Pope, A.C.S.	... Himself.
Capt. Brown	... Brush, broom, and a bottle of hair tonic.

And so on. It is a clever piece of impudence, and has enough verisimilitude to make it amusing. In a foot-note the writer remarks, *à propos* of Major Selfridge's collars, that that officer has since divided them with General Pope. Captain D. Pope, he adds, "when last heard of, was inquiring the way to Alexandria." He does not mention a circumstance, the grim humour of which is fully equal to that of the above catalogue, and which is told in the Confederate journals. Among the documents carried off by General Stuart was Pope's commission, in black and white. In hot haste the Confederate commander, when he found it, sent it back to its owner in

safety. It would never answer the views of the Southerners to have General Pope superseded through any informality. He was far too valuable an adversary.

It is a curious instinct in our nature which makes laughter a congenial accompaniment of passionate fear or sorrow. It is not the laughter of mirth, but the laughter of excitement and hysteria. It is easy to confuse the two, or to mistake them for one another. The mirth of New York after Groveton is not that of Nero while Rome was burning; the latter arose from indifference, the former springs rather from feelings too intensely wrought. It is not because we think the journalists of New York too calm for the occasion that we find fault with them; it is rather because their ill-timed mirth shows a want of dignity and soberness. It is in such a spirit that men blind themselves to danger; it is not in such a spirit that they prepare to meet it. The mere approach of calamity need not, it is true, cloud the brow of a philosopher, or even render brave men sad. Hume died as though in a drawing-room, and martyrs have walked to the scaffold with a smile. One of the bravest men that ever lived, the last victim of the Australian exploring expedition, kept a diary up to three days before his death; and in the very last page of all, written when the pains of starvation were actually upon him, he declares almost cheerfully that he is "waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up." But it would be a very shortsighted observer who would compare with the calm of such a death the facetiousness of the American press. Not deliberate heartlessness, but a weak shrinking from a painful subject, lies at the bottom of the latter. There is ample room for pleasantry in every grave topic. The chief element of humour is a strong appreciation of contrast; and the magnitude of any crisis rather augments than lessens the opportunities for a comic treatment. More humorous remarks have probably been made on death than on any other subject of human interest; the fact that a secular use of any passage in the Bible is sure to excite a smile, does not prove that Englishmen despise their sacred books, but rather indicates their reverence for them. Still, no men plays with the subject of death when their friends are dying; no one will use Scriptural words for purposes of comedy at the very moment of his devotions. It would speak better for the dignity of the Americans, as well as for their strength of mind, if, while the enemy are in sight of Washington, they left merriment alone. We presume that the Northern editors are able to test pretty accurately the feelings of their readers; and we infer that such a treatment as that of which we have given a specimen is not distasteful to the greater number. Perhaps an English populace might show similar feelings on such an occasion, but we hope better things of them. If our capital was in imminent danger, and our national integrity vanishing, it is hard to believe that a London newspaper would treat its readers to a full column of "chaff" at the very moment when an enemy's fleet came yonder round under the hill.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

THE intelligent foreigner who, unsated with the wonders collected for him just now in the English metropolis, still thirsts for novelty of scene and incident, would do well to cross the Channel and to investigate in the sister island a ruder phase of life, and a less sophisticated condition of society. He would find himself, upon arriving in Dublin, within a few hours' journey of several political phenomena, any of which would afford him ample food for thought, and would contrast strangely enough with the tame and uneventful decorum, which in modern times forms the principal characteristic of civilized communities. If he turned to the south he would see an acknowledged murderer openly defying the hand of justice, and protected by the sympathy and connivance of a whole province against the most strenuous efforts of the legal executive. Far and near he would hear of threatening letters, of flaming ricks, of tenants insolvent but refractory, of men going about their daily business in terror for their lives, and armed to the teeth against the attack, which repeated warnings have told them is sooner or later inevitable. In the north he would behold the strange spectacle of a great, opulent, and flourishing city delivered over to the hands of a fanatical mob, and attempting to dispose of theological animosities by the rude logic of brickbats and shillelachs. He would be stunned by a Babel of conflicting tongues, each suggesting a different remedy for a state of things, which all agree to be intolerable, but to which no two of the controversialists assign a similar origin. He would hear the names of religion, order, and independence, invoked for the sanction of acts which true piety and true freedom alike coincide in condemning. He would hear Protestants protesting against the absence of religious persecution, and one set of Dissenters raising a yell at the toleration accorded to another. He would see the ministers of that church whose watchword is peace upon earth adding fuel to the flames of popular virulence, and instigating the outrages which a heated mob is only too ready to find any excuse for perpetrating. Everywhere he would find hot heads and noisy tongues, — excitement, quickly mounting into frenzy, resentments too fervent to be appeased, injuries too deep to be forgiven, and he would learn, as the bewildering survey came to a close, to sympathize with a Government troubled with the possession of so turbulent a dependency, and to understand the despair with which English statesmen are traditionally accustomed to regard the *solution* of Irish difficulties.

"Protestant Ulster," such is the triumphant announcement of the *Belfast News Letter*, "is thoroughly aroused." In other words, the anti-Catholic inhabitants of that favoured region, pleased with the achievements already

effected, are resolved upon continuing the agitation, and re-enacting in other places the disgraceful scenes, which for the last ten days have been turning Belfast into a social bear-garden. For this unholy task Episcopalians and Presbyterians, Churchmen and Methodists, are delighted to merge their lesser hatreds, and to co-operate in a monster attack upon the common enemy. A meeting like that of last week is announced by the Derry Protestants to be held at Newtownlimavady in October, and will no doubt be characterized by the same significant absence of influential persons, the same extravagance of language, the same exasperating insolence of tone, and the same disastrous violation of the public peace. Belfast has for the time been dragooned into a reluctant tranquillity, but the mutual hatred which such events engender burns as ardently as before, and is certain to break out again with increased intensity upon the first available occasion. The fact that the principal outrages are committed by the Catholic rioters, only proves how thoroughly their Protestant precursors understand their game, and in no possible degree acquits the latter of a heavy responsibility for all that takes place. These monster meetings are held for the very purpose of provoking disturbance. The numbers collected, the language employed, the insolent ostentation with which the whole affair is obtruded upon the public notice, the resolutions and petitions in which the occasion results, have all the single aim of inflicting a signal humiliation on the dissentient portion of the community, of holding out the strength of Protestantism in an imposing light, and of exasperating an excitable and sensitive Catholic population beyond the limits of possible endurance. There is, indeed, no actual breach of the peace, but there is everything to render a breach of the peace all but inevitable. Human flesh and blood, and especially Irish flesh and blood, cannot be expected to tolerate more than a certain amount of indignity and provocation, and we confess that, if anything could justify breaking a man's head with a black-thorn stick or sending a paving-stone through the window of a meeting-house, it would be the sort of Pharisaical bombast, unctuous conceit, and ignorant extravagance, with which the orators of Ulster are, it appears, in the habit of regaling their hearers, and which their hearers accept with shouts of exultation and delight. To talk in such a fashion in the midst of such a community is merely another form of the old Donnybrook tactic of trailing the coat-tail and requesting some good-natured antagonist to be kind enough to tread upon it. If the Protestants of Ulster have trailed their coat, and in return got their heads and windows broken, we cannot in the least affect to commiserate their plight or to feel particularly indignant with the foolish and inflammable mob, which they have succeeded in goading into misbehaviour. It is only necessary to glance at the proceedings of the monster meeting in order to understand the amount of aggravation which it was calculated to produce. Sir William Verner, who was pretty nearly the only person of even second-rate position who could be tempted to take part in the Demonstration, led off by attacking the Government for an unfair application of Party Emblems Act, and for according to the Catholics of Ireland, "*even on the Sabbath*," privileges which, throughout the week, were denied to their Protestant fellow-citizens. There was, it appears, a great Catholic Procession one Sunday morning through the streets of Dublin, with which the Government thought it unwise or impossible to interfere, and hence Sir William Verner's wrath and the generous indignation of Protestant Ulster. "A slight interruption," occasioned by the platform giving way, must have proved an agreeable variation to the opening address, and the next orator, who was similarly honoured by another "slight interruption," took up the falling strain, — rejoiced "that a voice was to be raised at that meeting which would penetrate the privacy of the cabinet and be a note of warning and council to those in authority there, — and ended by inveighing against every one of those conciliatory measures which common justice, reason, and humanity have forced, by slow degrees, upon the English nation, and which alone save us from having Ireland upon our hands in a state of chronic rebellion. The Protestant Parliament of England was, it appears, cajoled into passing the Act of 1829; Irish legislation ever since "has been all upon one side, and all upon the wrong side;" "great departments of Romanism have been subsidized and supported by the State;" loyal Orangemen have been incarcerated for a simple flower in the button-hole, while Catholic traitors are allowed to go at large with all the delights of banners and brass bands. Lord Carlisle, notorious as a lady's man, has coquetted with the woman of Babylon, and has patronized the shoeblacks of St. Vincent de Paul. Protestantism, in short, is the victim of a political conspiracy, and nothing but the enthusiasm of Ulster can rescue it from absolute extinction. Next followed a gentleman who announced that the week before he had seen 30,000 Calvinistic Methodists in a field in Wales, and who moved that "the Dublin procession had been a grievous outrage on the feelings of Protestants, as involving an infraction of the sanctity of the Lord's day." This was the "funny" speech of the occasion, and was ornamented by some brilliant badinage and by several rather good stories. One was of Sir Teague O'Reagan, who was Governor of Coleraine, and who summoned one of the preachers of the place before him for a violent sermon against the Pope. The preacher defended himself on the ground that he was defending the truth. "I have no objection," replied Sir Teague, "to your defending the truth, but, my reverend sir, always remember that the *Pope is a gentleman*." The story seemed to take, but its moral was forgotten by the orators who followed, the Wesleyan Doctor Macafee and the Rev. John Flanagan, who demonstrated that no Catholic could be loyal, said everything disrespectful of the Holy Father, and declared that the Party Processions Act must be repealed, because

the Orangemen of Ulster will have it so, and Orangemen may die but never surrender.

For hours more the tide of folly rolled on. Dr. Hanna, at last, an open-air Protestant lecturer, raised a concluding protest against the Catholic partialities of Lord Palmerston's Government; and "the Vicar" of Belfast, who seems to have been the prime mover of the whole demonstration, brought the proceedings to a close with an appropriate prayer, addressed, we presume, to the God of Peace, in the interest of Concord, Gentleness, and Tranquillity. A petitionary statement of grievances was read and passed by acclamation, the Protestants of Ulster retired delighted to their homes, and forthwith the rioting began.

Such is the sort of temper, such the prevailing religion, such the fashionable behaviour, with which the Irish Government has to deal. No wonder that difficulties arise; that Under-Secretaries lose their heads; and the authorities are occasionally obliged to let matters take their course, and a social crisis work its own solution. Of one thing we are sure. Public opinion in England, if hostile to all disturbance, is equally unfriendly to the presumptuous and intolerant fanaticism in which the Protestants of Ireland have been too long encouraged. They have been fed, and pampered, and petted, with one piece of unfair indulgence after another, till, like spoiled children, they have become absolutely wanton with conceit and self-will, and grudge to their less favoured brethren the few scanty privileges and the occasional acts of grace which the good sense and right feeling of their rulers accord to them. So far from listening to the rabid exclamations of Belfast agitators, the English Government must address itself to the remedying of the real evils which continue to make Ireland a field of suffering and a focus of discontent. Sooner or later we shall have to undo, in shame and repentance, the wrongs in which we have so long and so obstinately persisted, and which Irish Protestants are so anxious to intensify. Till then we can only lament that the mischievous activity of a set of fanatics should have succeeded in bringing about a breach of the law, and in postponing for a still longer period the adjustment of those political questions which, as all thinking men are beginning to discover, can be satisfactorily solved only by the destruction of iniquitous prerogatives, and by the removal of grievances, none the less real because noisily urged, and exemplified from time to time by outbreaks as violent as that from which Belfast is just beginning to recover.

THE INDIA LAND QUESTION.

Two of our contemporaries, distinguished amongst journals for the ability and sincerity with which they attack the problems of the day, have lately discussed the question of the sale of the waste lands of India. A writer in the *Economist* entered upon the subject in the number of Saturday week, and resumed it on Saturday last; he appears to have been led to it under no other stimulus than a sense of its extreme importance in Indian legislation, and a desire to investigate the arguments which might be advanced for or against the measure proposed by Lord Canning, and since suspended by Lord Elgin acting in conjunction with the Home Government. A writer in the *Daily News* of Tuesday last seized the opportunity of Mr. Laing's attack on Sir Charles Wood to discuss the same question, and if we are right in attributing the article in that journal to one who has often exhibited in it her command of political economy and acquaintance with the affairs of India, we must concede that no one deserves to be listened to with more careful consideration. The writers in the *Economist* and the *Daily News* start from nearly the same point of view; but they arrive at opposite practical conclusions; such a fact is sufficiently remarkable, and we think it cannot be uninteresting, and may perhaps be profitable to inquire into the common basis of the two essayists, and to investigate the lines of argument which have led them asunder. Each reasoner starts from Mr. Ricardo's theory of the nature of property in land and of rent; both confess that the rent, in the ordinary sense of the term, of any portion of land, is the difference between its produce and the produce of a similar portion on which the same labour is expended, but with a result barely sufficient to repay the value of the labour. To arrive at the rent as defined by science, it is necessary to deduct from this difference the interest and profit of any capital which may have been expended in the permanent improvement of the land in question; and the residuum is the true rent, or that which is paid for the use of the original and indestructible powers of the soil. This residuum tends to increase with the growth of population and the progress of society, and, in all the countries of Europe, flows into the coffers of some private proprietor; in the greater part of Asia, however, and pre-eminently in British India, the Government has retained the proprietorship of the soil, and has enjoyed the benefit of the increase of true rent; only in Bengal Lord Cornwallis relinquished this advantage, and conferred on private landholders the rights of complete ownership. Political economists have constantly lamented the neglect or ignorance which alone could have induced the European Governments to grant their territories in fee to private subjects, and have rejoiced to find in India a country where better action has luckily prevailed, and where the true theories of rent may be made the basis of legislation. So far the writers in the *Economist* and the *Daily News* are at one; only when they begin to discuss Lord Canning's measure for the sale of the waste lands they begin to differ. The writer in the *Economist* confesses the truth of the theory; but he sees the practical difficulty of carrying it out, and the injurious effects which have attended and must attend any serious attempt to reduce it

to practice. He points out the impossibility of determining at any time what is the true residuum; no one can say what capital has been sunk in the improvement of land, or whether all of it should be fairly allowed for, in order to arrive at the true rent; he also insists on the great hindrance to industrial development which lies in uncertain relations between landlord and tenant, from the consequent unwillingness to make any improvement which will not assuredly be devoted solely to the benefit of the improver; he reasonably hints that the difference between the energy of the West and the indolence of the East may be to some extent owing to the doubt of the Asiatic whether he will be fully secured in the products of his toil; and he looks on the permanent settlement of military services in England, and the partial settlement of tenant-right in Ireland, as evidence of the necessity for fixity of position in the cultivators of the soil. The writer in the *Daily News* does not examine these considerations of difficulty and expediency; in that journal the preservation of the proprietorship of land in the Government is looked upon as a "fundamental principle of enlightened policy;" and the article is an eloquent exposition of this theme, but does not notice the difficulties attendant on it as a rule of action.

It is impossible to discuss this question without some considerations of an abstract character on the nature of rent, and we must ask the attention of our readers in entering upon them. It may be noted at the outset, that at the bottom there is complete identity between the reasoners who carry Mr. Ricardo's theory into practice and M. Proudhon. Those who look on the proprietorship of land as a possession improperly conferred upon private persons, do so on the same grounds as M. Proudhon proceeded upon when he declared, "La propriété c'est le vol." This is, of course, no reason why the correctness of their opinion should not be thoroughly examined; but it is startling to find that we are necessarily led to the conclusion that the whole course of social life since man first appropriated a portion of land, and called it his own, has been founded on injustice. Let us examine the matter a little more fully. In the first place, we think it must be conceded that the theory of rent is not discordant with the general theory of value. Different farms afford different facilities for the procuring of agricultural produce, and in the progress of society the difference of advantage between those most and least fitted for cultivation tends constantly to increase; so different men have different powers in effecting the same services, and, through the progress of society, the difference of ability between those engaged in the same occupation tends constantly to increase. Just as the owner of a farm of great fertility near a populous town receives a larger recompense than the owner of a moorland farm in the Highlands, does the accomplished physician in Mayfair obtain a larger income than the parish surgeon of a country village. Both are instances of the general theorem, that in all cases of production the agents employed vary in quality, and their varieties are restricted in quantity. The only difference between the two cases is, that in the case of the physician, the ability for which he receives his reward is inherent in him; whilst in the case of the landowners, the qualities which produce his income lie in something external which he has appropriated. This is, however, a material difference, and demands consideration. Now, in the state of free society which is always presupposed in economic reasoning, and especially in the reasoning of Mr. Ricardo, the settler selects some portion of unoccupied soil, and enters upon its cultivation. Such a condition of society is at this day found in the backwoods of America and the unoccupied lands of Australia. In making his selection, the settler exercises all his judgment in choosing a farm which shall be fertile, and of convenient access to his market; if he can also fix upon a place which promises to be near the site of some future town, he would give it the preference. Entering peaceably on the cultivation of such a farm, he acquires certain rights of occupation; and whatever these rights may be, he is allowed to transmit them to his successors. In process of time the right of cultivating the farm becomes exceedingly valuable, and the question arises whether the increase in its value, or at least so much of it as does not represent the interest of capital sunk in the soil, belongs properly to the representative of the original settler, or may it be assumed by the state? The writer in the *Daily News*, following the authority of a long line of reasoners, insists on the right of the State to this increase; it rests, it is truly said, on the original and indestructible properties of the soil, and not on the labour of the settler. But this true allegation may serve to expose the fallacy of the argument, which is based upon it. All value rests on the existence of some utility, real or supposed, in the article possessing value; but that utility is never created, it is only discovered, or at most adapted, by its possessor. There is, in truth, an ambiguity in the expression, cause of value, which constantly misleads economic reasoners; at one time it denotes the useful quality of an article, which makes it desired, at another the labour necessary for its acquisition, which gives it a price. When Mr. Ricardo says that rent is the consideration for the use of the powers of the soil, he correctly defines the qualities which make land desirable, just as he might have said the value of bread rests on its power of supporting life; but he omits to consider the other conditions which combine with the natural powers of land in causing rent. In the example of the settler, the labour which was repaid by rent consisted in the exercise of judgment and forethought in the selection of a farm, and if the State assumes to itself the increment of rent it denies to the original settler the advantages which his forethought had secured to him. It would seem, therefore, that the cases of the landowner and physician are at bottom identical: the physician owes his income to his superior ability in the art of medicine; the

landowner owes his to the superior ability of himself, or those from whom he claims, in the art of selecting a farm. The theorists who reserve to the State the proprietorship of land, deny to the agriculturist the reward of prescience, and by so much discourage its exercise.

Although the argument we have developed would perhaps be rejected by the writers in the *Economist*, it is strongly supported by the considerations he has urged in favour of a sale of waste lands by the State; the difficulty of separating the return of invested capital from the true rent is one which no economist has overcome, and which Mr. J. S. Mill confesses to be insuperable; whilst the deterring effect of undefined relations between the State and the cultivator of land becomes more apparent when we see that it practically denies to the agriculturist the benefit of his forethought.

It cannot, indeed, be said that the State is guilty of injustice in retaining the proprietorship of land, except so far as it thereby denies to its subjects the free exercise of all their faculties. The State might, in like manner, assume to itself all the carrying trade, the educational functions, or the mining operations of the community, and there are European nations where these occupations are still so reserved; but the whole tendency of modern thought, especially amongst ourselves, is to discourage such interference of the executive with the free choice of industry on the part of its subjects. Only in the case of ownership of land have economic thinkers approved of the interference of the State; they have herein laid aside their most cherished ideas, and applauded the persistency with which Asiatic rulers have clung to old modes of thought which have been discarded in Europe. They have seen, with regret, the misfortune of all the western kingdoms in having surrendered all the rights of ownership over the soil, and perhaps have lamented that the difficulty of instilling into the masses new ideas has prevented the application of their theories to the untried lands of Australia and Western America.

Another mode of expressing the truth we have sought to develop is, that there is greater economic advantage in parting with dominion than in retaining it. It is found that the growth of wealth is stimulated by the concession of waste lands in fee, and that it is more profitable to raise an income by means of taxation than by the apparently simpler method of rent. This has been the motive of the secularisation of the Clergy Reserves of Canada, and is now influencing the colony of New South Wales in dealing with its reserves, and this is perhaps the mode of conceiving the question which will have most influence in disposing the Government to persist in selling the waste lands of India.

We cannot enter here into the practical difficulties of a permanent settlement; no doubt they are many, and require very careful treatment, but our object is served in pointing out its theoretical advantage. It may be said that we are relinquishing a known and certain source of income in a country which cannot understand new imposts, and the difficulty attending a similar action in the case of the enfranchisement of the Russian serfs may be insisted upon. We may, however, point out that as long as the purchase-money of waste lands is applied to the redemption of the Indian debt, we destroy the necessity of income to the same extent that we destroy income, nor can we think that there is an insuperable difficulty in extracting taxation from those who are already accustomed to the periodical visits of a rent-collector. However this may be, we hope that the Indian Government will see that every consideration of abstract reason requires the permanent settlement of the land of India, and that they will not relinquish the scheme, except in the face of sheer impossibility, if that "blockhead of a word" can be entertained.

LAWFUL CALLINGS.

A SOMEWHAT surly critic, on hearing an eminent brewer praised for his charity, is said to have observed that it was only a form of conscience-money, and that a man who made £20,000 a-year by damning his neighbour's bodies could not do less than contribute something towards trying to save their souls. Such observations prove nothing but the capacity which those who make them may happen to possess for saying unpleasant things in a pungent manner, but they point to a set of questions which really do affect a considerable number of consciences, and which it is by no means easy to answer in a satisfactory manner. A vast proportion of the occupations in which men's lives are passed are open, more or less, to the sarcasm levelled at the benevolent brewer, and there is every reason to believe that an appreciable part of the active charity by which merchants and professional men are honourably distinguished is due to a sort of consciousness on their part of the fact that most of their thoughts and efforts in life are directed to objects which may be advantageous to themselves personally, but which are of little use to any one else. Should this be the case, it would not diminish the value of the acts of charity which such men perform. We must not dissect the motives which produce good and kindly feelings and actions. The inquiry what those motives are baffles human ingenuity, and acts and feelings are not less beneficent, nor are they really less kind, because the source from which they spring may be supposed to be different from what it actually is. It is, however, desirable to have some clear views on the subject; for, however kind a certain part of a man's actions may be, it is a dismal thing for him to suppose that his income is earned, or that the mass of it is spent, in such a manner that unless a proportion of it is paid away in conscience-money he would be altogether in a state of reprobation.

In practice the difficulty usually assumes some such form as this. Is it

right to keep a public-house?—to keep a beer-shop?—to keep a gin-palace? Are we to draw the line below wholesale breweries? Does it include or exclude a distillery? Supposing a man may lawfully keep a distillery, may he lawfully become the proprietor of gin-palaces, and do all he can to increase their number and the amount of their custom? It is universally admitted in the present day that the general good is the basis of morality, and that morals are nothing but a system of rules calculated for the promotion of that object. Considering the mischief produced by drunkenness, and especially by getting drunk on spirits, why does not morality stigmatise trading in spirits as it stigmatises keeping a gaming-table or dealing in immoral books and pictures? The obvious distinction that in the last-mentioned cases the practice is an unmixed and acknowledged evil, which is not true of the other cases, does not altogether meet the difficulty, for it leaves unanswered the question how a man who not merely acknowledges the obligations of morality and religion, but claims to stand on a higher level than his neighbours in most respects, can justify the employment of his means, and of the greater part of his energies, in an occupation of which the utmost that can be said is, that it is not always and under every circumstance injurious, and that the mischief which it unquestionably fosters is not one of those which it is on the whole desirable to prevent or restrain by legal compulsion.

This resolves itself into the further question whether a man is bound, and to what extent he is bound, to consider the general interests of the public in the investment of his capital. Suppose, for example, he has his choice between making a fortune by a distillery, or making a moderate income by selling Bibles, which ought he to choose? Every one knows how he would choose, and the question is whether or not the principle on which the distillery would be preferred tends on the whole to the general promotion of happiness. That principle is that men should be guided in the investment of their money by their private money interest, subject only to the restrictions imposed either by law or by some generally acknowledged rule of positive morality, strong and definite enough to have in practice the deterring force of law. Law, for example, forbids Englishmen to keep gambling-houses in England, but it does not forbid them to establish such houses in foreign countries; but English morality—the settled opinion of English people for the time being—condemns the one practice just as much as the other, and therefore the principle stated would allow a man now to keep a distillery, and would have allowed him formerly to engage in the slave-trade or in privateering, but would not allow him to keep a gambling-house either at home or abroad, or to carry on slave-trading or privateering in the present day by the help of any device which might enable him to do so legally.

At first sight this principle, warranted as it is by almost universal practice, may seem to be selfish and unsound, but on reflection it will appear not only not to deserve such epithets, but to be the only one in which it is possible to act with any sort of confidence or satisfaction,—even with a view to the public advantage. The amount of money which a man makes by a trade is not the only test of the good which his trade does, but it is, on the whole, the best test which can be applied, and is far less likely to be fallacious as far as it goes than any other. This is obvious when the matter is looked into. The good which any trade does,—whether it is a trade in brandy or in Bibles,—consists in the wants which it satisfies. You have a shilling which you would value less than the glass of brandy or Bible (as the case may be) which is in my possession, and which I value more. By effecting the change the amount of human happiness in the world is increased by the sum of your preference for the Bible or brandy over the shilling, and my preference for the shilling over the Bible or brandy. Speaking in the most general terms, and with the consciousness that the principle is subject to wide exceptions, people are the best judges of their own interest, and get their worth of the money or goods which they exchange. The excepted cases are those in which, as a rule, the gratification of their desires is forbidden either by law or by morality; but the gratification of any desire not so condemned is so much gained, and the accumulation of a large fortune is conclusive evidence that the person who has earned it has gratified a vast mass of desires of some kind or other, and has therefore done a great deal of good.

If this test be laid aside, and a man tries to invest his capital in such a manner as would, in his own private judgment, not assisted by any calculation of profits, be most advantageous to the public at large, he will at once be involved in inextricable difficulty. Suppose, for example, he set up upon such grounds a cotton plantation in Western Africa. The amount of good which he would do would be accurately measured by the money profits, after a sufficient period had passed to test the value of the scheme. If he had made the same amount in bill-broking, he would probably have done as much good, though the evidence that he had done so would not be as striking, as it would depend upon a chain of general abstract reasoning, and would not address itself at once to the senses and the imagination.

This is the general theory on which the morality of trading in general, and in particular that of choosing the most profitable trade without speculating on its effect upon the happiness of the world at large, may be justified, but it goes a very little way towards solving the question how a good man would employ his money. Men both do and ought to take into account many other matters in considering what mode of life they will choose, besides the bare question of the moral lawfulness of a particular principle of selection, and a man might, by inaction, avoid the violation of most of them. The fact that one

calling is more closely and obviously connected with human happiness than another, is a very good reason why a kind-hearted man should prefer it, though it may not supply grounds for putting the two on different sides of the line which separates right from wrong. Cutting the throat of a calf is as much a part of a lawful calling as preaching a sermon, and both the butcher and the preacher ought to like their professions; but the impulses which lead a man to the pulpit are, on the whole, more humane than those which induce him to prefer the shambles. In the same way the evils of drunkenness are no reason for condemning a distiller, though they may be a reason why a man should, as a matter of feeling, prefer other occupations. This is one of many proofs which might be given of the fact that the two categories of good and bad are not the only ones under which men ought to be classed with reference to their moral and spiritual rank. Two people may be equally moral, of whom one is far more worthy of love and admiration than the other. This does not depend generally on the nature of their callings, for, in fact, people are seldom in a position to exercise much discretion in the choice of them, especially if they are commercial. A man finds a particular course open to him, and adopts it, not from choice, but because nothing else suggests itself, or because of the collateral advantages of the position, and it would be miserable squeamishness to refuse to do so on the ground that the world would be better without breweries or distilleries than with them. These general questions the world settles and ought to settle for itself. Individuals may and ought to do what they can towards mitigating by benevolence the evils which they find existing; but to try to remodel the habits of society is foolish, and to try to do so at one's own expense is Quixotic into the bargain. Charitable brewers and distillers are not in reality living paradoxes; they only illustrate a little more plainly than their neighbours the truth that far the greater part of every man's life must and ought to be spent in minding his own affairs.

DARMSTADT.

DARMSTADT is among the very dullest of German towns. The first sight up the main street, as seen from the railway carriages by the passing traveller, gives an impression of extreme dullness, and further acquaintance strengthens and confirms this impression. The long, broad, and straight streets cutting each other at right angles, and flanked on either side by rows of formal houses, built generally on a uniform plan, the closed blinds of the windows, the wide pavements, and the general absence of life, give an air of sombre inactivity to the newer parts of the town, and render it a place fit for the god of dullness to select as his abode and the site of his temple. Somewhat more movement is to be seen in the older parts of the town; the streets are narrower and more irregular, and the presence of men, women, and children at the windows and in the streets, shows that the busy hum of life is going on, and that the place is not a city of the dead.

Dullness, however, is not more distinctive and characteristic of Darmstadt than it is of the other capitals of the small German principalities. Even Munich, with all its treasures of art, is, in the newer part of the town, a tiresome and lifeless place. The proximity of a Court, with its stiff and insipid formalities, is perhaps the cause why the small capitals are one and all so dull and stupid. The air of a life about Court is often noxious and withering to the character of individuals, unless they are persons of strong and sound sense; the daily aspect of royalty does not improve bedchamber lords and ladies in waiting; the privilege of seeing crowned heads not only with their crowns off, but with their slippers and dressing-gowns on, is too much for them; admission into the magic circle upsets their weak heads and turns them too often into solemn and formal prigs or pompous and impracticable fools. The same withering and unwholesome influence which a life about Court exercises too often on the character of individuals seems to be at work in small capital towns. A small Court society springs up with its exceptional privileges. Military life is the model on which society is formed. Its stiff and rigid rules banish the elasticity and freedom which characterize social life when laid on a healthy basis. The genial play of feelings and ideas which gives a charm to social life, when left to itself and permitted to assume its normal development, is cramped into an abnormal shape by the pressure of a stiff and ungenial formality. The dull and sombre uniformity which is prevalent on all sides brings down everything to its own dead level, and the pigtail, as the Germans say, is triumphant and carries all before it.

In large and populous towns influences of this sort do not extend beyond a limited range. The circles of society are too numerous, the interests too varied, and the pursuits too diversified. Circumstances and causes which, in a small town, exercise a paramount influence over the whole face of social life, and penetrate into its inmost recesses, are in large towns lost, like a river in the ocean, and only affect to any extent those who come within their immediate range. As collision with his fellow men improves the character of the individual man and widens and enlarges his view of things, so the meeting and the clashing of different orders and circles of society which takes place in great capital towns, improves them all, promoting a harmony which carries the genial social life in each and all to its very highest pitch of development. The life, the manners, and the ideas of the members of the aristocracy are bettered by the rough collision with the sturdy and vigorous feelings of the rich and the intellectual classes, who themselves take a polish and gain refinement from the contact. A healthy action

and reaction is the consequence, and a general improvement is the result. In small capital towns there is no opportunity for such a collision; class does not rub against class. The military and the aristocratic classes have it all their own way, domineering over all others and laying down rules which cannot be gainsaid. The absence of wealth and the general poverty in all classes except their own enables the aristocratic and the courtier class to set at defiance the others, to disregard their feelings, and treat their ideas with neglect and even contempt. The military class is ever ready to side with the aristocracy and the Court, whilst the professional classes are too often the greatest adulators and sycophants of those placed above them in social rank. A want of independent feeling is the general result, which does not stop short till it has reached even the lower orders of society, emasculating the manliness of thought, and depriving life of its freedom and its vigour. All the small German capitals present the same aspect. Dull propriety and an absence of energy and life, coupled, however, with considerable pretensions, stamp and characterize them all. Their growth has been artificial and not natural. They have been swelled in size and dimensions, not because the steady and healthy increase of the population demanded it, but because the whims of princes willed it. Having been selected as their residences by sovereigns, they have been built up to carry out and meet the requisitions which such pretensions call for and demand. Castles, ministerial residences, and arsenals, have been erected for states which are not larger and more populous than a small English county; and palaces for an aristocracy devoid of wealth and even straitened in means.

The German Liberals are beginning to be alive to the evils which their multiplicity of sovereigns and of capital towns entails upon their common country. The struggle, which must end in the mediatisation of many of the minor princes, if not in German unity, has assumed proportions of some magnitude, and is carried on in many of the small states with much animation. The elections at Darmstadt have just come to a close, and have resulted in the triumph of the Liberal party. The Grand Duke is said to be a well-meaning and a reasonable man, but his ministers and advisers are unpopular, and the result of the election is looked on not as directed against him, but as against them. The Liberals of Darmstadt are in feeling Prussian. What changes may be brought about in the little State by the new Chamber time alone will show. No alteration, however, of any material or vital importance, can as yet be looked for.

The marriage of the Princess Alice with the nephew of the reigning Grand Duke and the eldest son of the heir-presumptive, has given Darmstadt an interest which it had not before in the eyes of Englishmen. It is, however, a matter of great doubt whether the young Prince will ever become the reigning sovereign of the state. The wife of the Grand Duke has lately died. He is only about fifty-four years old, and may marry again. The husband of the princess has a palace in the town, where they are to live during the winter season. During the summer season, they live at a castle of his father's at Auerbach, which is a station on the railroad to Heidelberg, about twelve miles from Darmstadt.

The Grand Dukes of Darmstadt are a junior branch of the Electoral family of Hesse Cassel. The first Landgrave of Darmstadt was the second son of a Landgrave of Cassel. His father, about the end of the seventeenth century, separated Darmstadt from his other dominions, and settled it on his second son. Since that period the Landgraves of Hesse Cassel have swelled into the higher dignity of Electors, and the Landgraves of Hesse Darmstadt have become Grand Dukes. The grand ducal family is said not to be so rich as several others of the families of the smaller sovereigns are. The Elector of Hesse Cassel, for instance, is very rich. On the death of the present Landgrave of Homburg, that little principality will be re-annexed to Darmstadt, and will bring to the Grand Duke an increase of revenue of about £6,000 a-year.

The palace of the Grand Duke is situated in the centre of the town, at the end of the long straight street which leads from the railway station. It is a strange old structure of various centuries, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth, and is still surrounded by a dry ditch, now converted into a shrubbery and garden. It contains a picture gallery of considerable extent, and a museum of natural history. Many of the pictures are good, and worthy of notice. The collection of fossils in the museum of natural history is very valuable, and most interesting to the geologist. Among them are to be found many of the most perfect specimens which have yet been discovered of the Miocene period. They all come from the neighbourhood of Darmstadt, and comprise, amongst other things, many very perfect jaws and other remains of the Deniotherium, an extinct amphibious animal, which equalled the elephant in size.

The Opera House is a handsome building, close to the Palace. The Grand Duke is passionately fond of music, and spends a great deal of money upon the opera. By his patronage and liberality he has made it one of the best in Germany. The grand opera takes place at Darmstadt, as it does all over Germany, on the evenings of Sunday. On that day numbers of people go over from Frankfort for the express purpose of attending the opera. The railway company puts on a special train, at half-past eleven at night, for their convenience after it is over, and as the journey occupies only about three-quarters of an hour, they are able to return home at a reasonable time. Frankfort has an opera of its own, but it is not nearly so good as the one at Darmstadt. The opera season at Darmstadt usually commences about the middle of September. It began this year on the 13th instant, with the "Huguenots." The magnificent music of that grand composition was given

by the orchestra with great expression, and the choruses were, like all choral singing in Germany, sung admirably and with great feeling. The singers of the chief parts were good, though, as might have been expected, they fall far short of the great singers whom the frequenters of Covent Garden and the Haymarket are in the habit of hearing. The scenery was most tasteful and beautiful. The manager of this department of the opera at Darmstadt is famous for his exquisite taste. His advice is sought by the managers of theatres all over Germany, when any new piece is to be brought on the stage; and it has been taken on more than one occasion by the directors of the Grand Opera at Paris. A ballet was introduced in the middle of the opera. The dresses of the dancers were in keeping with the whole *mise en scène*, and everything went off better than well. Travellers who are fond of the exquisite attractions which an opera presents should not fail, if in the neighbourhood, to visit the one at Darmstadt. They will be well repaid for their trouble, but they must not expect to hear a Tietjens or a Giuglini. Everything else will please even the most fastidious critic.

The gardens of the Palace are very prettily laid out, but seem sadly neglected; they are open to the public, and make an agreeable lounge. Many of the trees are fine. The Grand Duke is a keen sportsman, and has several preserves for game in the neighbourhood of the town. About two miles off is one of his chief preserves, a forest of beech and oak, enclosed by a high wall. The public are permitted to drive through it, and the drive is extremely pretty. Wild boars, stags, and roe deer are kept in it; but at this season of the year they are so shy, and the foliage is so thick, that it is difficult to get a sight of them except at feeding hours. Strangers may in the evening get permission to see the wild boars fed.

Sunday, the 13th instant, was a gay day in the yearly annals of the dull town of Darmstadt. The day was magnificent, for a bright and burning sun shone forth from a cloudless sky. The whole population, men, women, and children, were on their legs and off for the encampment. The high road was so thronged with human beings that a carriage could hardly pick its way through the crowd, and clouds of dust rendered the drive far from agreeable. One could not have conceived that so many persons were to be found in the town. The encampment to which they were all wending their way was at a pretty spot about two miles and a half off. The troops were lodged in very neatly made conical huts of straw. The framework inside was made of wood, and each hut was surmounted by a small flag. There was accommodation for about 2,000 men, and the troops consisted of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. For the horses a temporary sort of stable was erected of wood. The whole scene had a most picturesque effect. This encampment lasts for about three weeks, and takes place every year about the same time. The same troops do not remain there during the whole period of the encampment, they are changed about from time to time at certain intervals. The contingent which the State of Hesse Darmstadt furnishes to the army of the Confederation is 16,000 men, being two per cent. on its population of 800,000. The troops, like all German troops, are clean, orderly, young, and active. A general parade takes place every Sunday, at 5 p.m., in the grand square.

The State of Hesse Darmstadt is not confined to the right or German bank of the Rhine. The most valuable and perhaps the richest part of the duchy lies on the left bank. The active and thriving town of Mayence, the most populous and most flourishing town in the duchy, is situated on that bank. Mayence is the head-quarters of the trade in the wines of the Rhine and the Maine. Persons who are desirous of purchasing any of these wines should buy them at Mayence, and not at Frankfort or Coblenz. The cellars of the chief wine-merchants will well repay a visit. Some of them are of considerable antiquity, and belonged formerly to the old abbey of Mayence. As cellars nothing can be better; they are dry and free from all appearance of damp, and the air in them is almost as fresh as in the open air. They are very extensive, and underlie a great portion of the town. The life and activity that meet the eye at Mayence contrast most strongly with the dullness of the capital of the duchy. No better instance can be found of the difference which exists between a town which has grown naturally to maturity and keeps pace with the wants of the population, and another which princes have selected as their capital, and endeavour to galvanize into life and energy. The one flourishes like an oak tree on a congenial soil, the other is a mere hothouse plant, sickly and stunted.

The whole left bank of the Rhine, from Mayence to Worms, which is the limit of the duchy on that side, is one series of vineyards. The traveller by the railway recognizes in the names of the stations as he goes along, many names which he has been accustomed to see in the lists of wines at the hotels. The most celebrated of these wines is the Liebfrauenmilch, which comes from Worms, and is produced from a vineyard which belonged formerly to a convent of the name. With the exception of the Nierstein, none of the other wines of this district are known in England, and the Nierstein only dates its introduction from the late tariff. All these wines, however, enjoy a high reputation in Germany, as the best of their second-class wines. They are the wines generally consumed in German families, and an immense quantity of them is sent to Northern Germany. They form a pleasant and a cooling drink, and are considered by the German doctors as free from acidity, and wholesome when taken in moderation.

On the opposite side of the Rhine, the duchy extends nearly as far as Heidelberg. The route by railway is extremely pleasing; it follows generally the old post road, called the Bergstrasse, which has been long celebrated for its beauty, and runs along the base of a range of hills which form the

eastern boundary of the valley of the Rhine. The wooded and vine-covered range of mountains, with their old castles, forming the boundary of the Odenwald, runs parallel with the railroad, and at short distance from it. Persons who have time to spare, may spend with much pleasure several days in exploring the Odenwald. The view from the Melibocus, the highest point of the chain of hills of the Odenwald, is very extensive and very fine. It is one of the favourite excursions from Darmstadt. The same trip comprises a visit to Auerbach, where Prince Louis, the husband of the Princess Alice, is at present residing. The whole district is famous in the legendary history of the country, and is well worthy of being visited by all who can appreciate charming scenery, or have souls that can be thrilled by stories of the olden times.

THE PAST WEEK.

THE American news, which by telegram is as late as the evening of September 16th from New York, is treated of by itself in another page.

The only interesting topic of European politics this week is supplied by the signs of an approaching settlement of the relations between France, Italy, and Rome. The circular addressed to the diplomatic representatives of Italy, at all the Courts, by General Durando, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, is made by us a subject of special comment elsewhere. The Government of Italy refer to the prompt suppression of Garibaldi's enterprise, and to the undisturbed condition of the country, as a proof of the political maturity of the Italian people, and their attachment to constitutional authority. But they declare that the watchword, "Rome or Death," was the true expression of the imperious necessities of a nation which claims its capital. If Italy has made this supreme and painful effort, in opposing Garibaldi, it is solely because she is convinced that end will be obtained by the decision of the Catholic Powers, and especially of France, to put an end to the dangerous and untenable situation of Rome, which equally compromises the religious interests and the tranquillity of Europe.

As though by way of a response to the Italian Manifesto, the *Moniteur* has now published a most important correspondence, under dates of the 20th of May, 30th of May, and 24th of June, "to make known the efforts which the Emperor's Government has recently made to effect a reconciliation between the Holy See and Italy, which has always been the object of its policy." The first is a long letter from Napoleon himself to M. Thouvenel, his Minister of Foreign Affairs. He declares that, not only since 1859, but since 1849, when the expedition to Rome took place, he has invariably endeavoured to second the national aspirations of Italy, and to induce the Pope to become their supporter, instead of their adversary. He now finds it urgent that the Roman question should be settled, because it disturbs public opinion, and produces moral disorder. He finds fault both with the Papal Court and the Italian national party, for each disregarding the rights and legitimate claims of the other. He would propose, therefore, a combination, by which the Pope should no longer condemn an Italian people to eternal stagnation and oppression; but should "adopt what is great in the idea of a people that aspires to become a nation," while the Italian Government should "recognise what is salutary in a power which has lasted for ten centuries, and the influence of which extends over the whole universe." With this view (on the 20th of May) the Emperor recommended that the Pope's independence, as master in his own domain, be insured to him, and his rule freely accepted by his subjects; the Italian Government taking an engagement towards France to recognize the States of the Church, and the limitation line to be agreed upon; whilst, on the other hand, the Pope should, "returning to the ancient traditions of the Holy See, sanction the privileges of the municipalities and of the provinces in such guise that they might, as it were, govern themselves," and thus "remove the barriers which now separate the Papal States from the rest of Italy." The Emperor remarked, however, in the conclusion of his letter, that the above "general indications" were not an ultimatum which he would pretend to impose on the two conflicting parties, but merely the basis of his disinterested advice. M. Thouvenel thereupon wrote, on the 30th of May, to the French ambassador at Rome, observing that the Emperor had never held out a hope to the Cabinet of Turin, that Rome could become the capital of Italy with the consent of France, but on the contrary, that all the declarations of France had announced a firm determination to maintain the Pope in the possession of his present territory, as the only possible arrangement; Italy renouncing her pretensions to Rome, and engaging with France to respect the Papal territory, and to assume the greater portion, if not the whole, of the Roman debt. This was the project offered to Cardinal Antonelli; and he was at the same time given to understand, that if he still insisted on the Papal theory of immobility, the Emperor's Government, "though as much as possible protecting the interests of the Holy See, would be compelled to quit a situation, the prolongation of which beyond a certain time would falsify his policy, and throw the public mind into the greatest disorder." On the 24th of June, M. de Lavalette wrote from Rome to say that Cardinal Antonelli, after four times discussing the matter with him, stated that no idea of compromise could be entertained. The *Temps* says that a note has been addressed by the English Government to the Cabinet of the Tuilleries, urging the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome.

The Stoke-upon-Trent election has resulted in the triumph of Mr. Grenfell, the Whig or Ministerial candidate, who polled 1,089 votes against Mr. Beresford Hope's 918; Serjeant Shee retired from the contest at twelve o'clock in the day.

The secret of a substitute for cotton fibre, which was announced by a solicitors' firm in the City to be in the possession of an unknown gentleman, one of their clients, is now divulged. The material he proposes is a fibre obtained from the *Zostera marina*, or grass wrack, a plant which grows in the sea at many places along our eastern coast, and elsewhere, in the greatest abundance. It has been referred by Mr. Harben, the discoverer, to a committee of practical men in Manchester, to make experiments with it, and to try if it can be worked up by the machinery of our cotton mills. The Manchester Cotton Supply Association has held its first annual meeting. Mr. John Cheetham,

Mr. Bazley, M.P., Mr. Edmund Ashworth, and Mr. Malcolm Ross, discussed the prospects of this great industrial interest, under the difficulties it has now to contend with. The association, still placing upon India their chief reliance, protested against Sir Charles Wood's decision to reverse the policy of Lord Canning with regard to the sale of waste lands. Mr. Haywood, the commissioner whom they had sent out, estimated the annual growth of cotton in India at five or six million bales. By the rapid completion and extensions of railways, and by constructing bridges on the existing roads, the export of cotton from India might be greatly facilitated. The chairman, however, (Mr. Cheetham) reminded them that after what they heard from Mr. Laing on Friday, they must not expect too much from India in the way of an immediate supply. He thought it more urgent to improve the quality than the quantity of the Indian cotton. This must be done by the introduction of American seed, and a better system of cultivation. The Government of India, or the Bombay Government, should lend its assistance. It would be no more violating the rules of political economy so to do, than for the Indian Government to be a tea-planter or an opium-grower, as it actually was. From Turkey, Syria, and Egypt, he also hoped to get a supply. Mr. Bazley said he felt much disheartened, and thought they had a disastrous prospect before them. It was not fair, however, to blame the cotton-spinners and manufacturers for not having undertaken the cultivation of cotton for themselves. The importers and cotton-brokers, who had gained profit of eighteen millions sterling on the late advance of price, were the persons that ought to have promoted its more extended cultivation. Mr. Ashworth calculated that, even after the civil war in America should have ceased, the cotton-growing States would send us henceforth a million bales annually less than before; and he could not see how that deficiency was to be made up. Several other speakers commented severely on the obstructive policy of the India Board.

A meeting has been held in the Exchange at Montreal, to commence a subscription for the relief of the suffering operatives in our cotton manufacturing districts, and the sum of \$14,000 was quickly raised. The amount received by the City of London committee is now above £60,000. The need, however, increases in still greater proportion. There are 26,000 persons getting relief from one charitable committee in the town of Preston alone!

Lord Stanley has opened the new Mechanics' Institution at Stockport, with a speech in which he magnified the benefits of such establishments for promoting the self-education of adults. He expressed his particular approval of the Oxford and Cambridge provincial examinations for the degree of Associate, as well as of the Society of Arts' examinations, and those of the Lancashire and Cheshire Association, for members of these mechanics' institutions and literary societies throughout the country. In conclusion, he referred to a more painful subject,—the fearful struggle for subsistence to which the population of those factory districts must look forward in the coming winter. He felt it would seem to be a mockery of the working classes, to offer to give them schools, and to withhold from them bread. But while he praised their admirable patience in the present distress, he believed that, by the cultivation of their intelligence, they were enabled to endure it without resentment, understanding the causes from which it arose. He rejoiced, therefore, that the directors of this institution had, by a wise and generous policy, thrown open its classes freely at this time to young persons who could no longer afford to pay their subscriptions, and who might now employ their time in learning, whilst they could not work.

Mr. Gladstone has presided at the Denbigh and Flint Agricultural Society's dinner, in the town of Mold, supported by Sir S. Glynn, Sir Watkin Wynn, and Mr. Mainwaring, M.P. He declined to pass any opinion upon the merits of either cattle, sheep, hogs, or agricultural implements; but he lauded the pursuit of farming, in the abstract, as one which affords scope to the highest mental and physical activity. With regard to the potato crop he had an opinion; that it was in a sounder and more healthy condition than usual; and he was glad to know that "the yield of all descriptions of esculents" would be greater this year than for some years past. We should have a sufficient supply of food, at reasonable prices, during the winter. Agriculture, as a trade, was in favourable circumstances just now. But if the farmers did not get "an overbearing share of profits," they had the satisfaction of feeling that theirs was the most healthy and agreeable of all occupations; and being exempt from the dangers of gambling, they might look on the reverses of the manufacturing interest, and be thankful that they were never tempted with sudden and enormous gains. Much yet remained for them to do, by a scientific study of the way to use a vast quantity of waste materials in the fertilization of the soil. The sewage of London and all our great towns might thus perhaps be made a source of enormous wealth. Since old Father Thames, four summers ago, rebuked us for neglect, "by sending up one of the most abominable and protracted stenches that ever afflicted the nostrils of mankind," we had commenced a great work to make the noblest of English rivers, on which a great city was built, once more a pure and beautiful stream. He felt sanguine that the mass of London sewage would become a fertilizing agent of the greatest value. Other improvements were in preparation, which would largely increase the productiveness of the land.

The ex-M.P. for Lambeth, William Roupell, has undergone judgment for his crimes in the Central Criminal Court. He declined to plead on his first arraignment, on Monday, but on Wednesday pleaded guilty to both the indictments; that of forging the mortgage-deed of the Kingston estate and also the forgery of his father's will. He then made a speech to the Court, in which he said that, since he had given himself up to justice, he had never intended to deny his guilt. But he wished the public to observe that he was "a living paradox, and no one could solve his conduct but himself." Since he had been in prison he had written the history of his life at great length, but on further consideration he thought its publication would do no good to society, while it would cause some persons much unnecessary pain. He could not, therefore, hope to be understood, except by those who loved him; and those who did not wish to believe him would probably remain unconvinced. But it was not true that he ever gambled, or that he was a libertine, or that he was personally extravagant. His whole life had been one continued mistake. In his youth he suffered many privations, and at the age of twenty-one he contracted a debt for the purchase of books. He borrowed money of an intimate friend, who suddenly got involved in grievous pecuniary troubles which caused him to meditate suicide. In order to repay that loan, he, William Roupell, risked his soul to save his friend. He would not say how that friend had requited him; he had nobody

to blame but himself. The frauds he afterwards committed were all the consequences of that first false step. He wished to clear every one connected with him, and particularly the professional men who helped him to draw up the forged deeds, from any share in the guilt; no precautions could have prevented them from being deceived by such a desperate man as he was. But it was true that, when he forged the will, he really believed that he was merely carrying out his father's intentions, which were, that he should take entire control of the property, subject to certain annuities for the different members of the family. Having, by his previous crimes, been prevented from taking possession of it in the way his father desired, he did think, at the time when his father died, that he was justified in forging the will. But he added, "I do not think so now." He further stated, that, before he left England last March, feeling that his first duty was not to his family, but to those who had purchased of him, or advanced large sums to him, he informed them all of what he had done; and he pressed those persons to tell him what they intended to do. They replied, however, that they did not believe his story, but thought it was one concocted to enable his family to recover the property, and threatened to prosecute for a conspiracy anybody who should take proceedings thereon. He then left England in despair, finding it impossible to effect any compromise; and he had lately returned to meet his terrible fate, actuated by sincere remorse. This was the story William Roupell told of himself in the felon's dock at the Old Bailey, on Wednesday last. The judge, Mr. Justice Byles, then sentenced him to penal servitude for life.

Several other criminal trials of a still graver character have come on since our last. The most notorious is the case tried at Glasgow,—that of a woman named Jessie McLauchlan, who has been found guilty of the murder of Jessie Macpherson, a servant in the household of a Mr. Fleming, in whose service the prisoner herself had formerly lived. The girl was found, one morning in last July, dead on the floor, in her own bedroom, with many stabs and wounds in her body. The master of the house, Mr. Fleming, was absent from home, and his father, an old man of eighty-seven, alone of the family slept in the house that night. Mrs. McLauchlan was there during the night; when she went away in the morning, she wore a dress belonging to Jessie Macpherson; and blood-stained fragments of her own dress were found in the fields along her path. Some plate and other articles had been stolen from the house. Her defence was that the murder had been perpetrated by old Mr. Fleming, to prevent the girl from exposing his improper behaviour towards her. Lord Deas, the Scotch judge who tried the case, thought her story was a tissue of falsehoods; he passed on her sentence of death. The trial of Catherine Wilson, for poisoning several persons here in London, has commenced.

A fellow named Freeman, who styled himself the Rev. Thomas Aaron Freeman, B.D., of some University and some Independent Church in America, has been sent to prison as a rogue and vagabond, for swindling Mr. Harper Twelvrees and other gentlemen, to whom he went begging for subscriptions to build a new chapel in Bermondsey, showing a fictitious list of persons who had already given him money for that religious and edifying work.

"Sensation" reporters for cheap Sunday papers must exercise a little discretion before they rashly adopt any story emanating from the excited imagination of a mother-in-law, who accuses a husband of poisoning his wife. Mr. Andrew Gray, a casual contributor of police reports and crown's quests' intelligence to the *Weekly Times*, has been tried for a libel on Mr. H. R. Phillips, a horse-dealer at Knightsbridge, founded on the distressing circumstances of a domestic quarrel; and, being convicted of this most mischievous error of judgment, he has been sentenced to pay a fine of £50.

The Orange demonstration, last week, at Belfast, has unfortunately been the occasion for several days' noisy fighting between the Romanist and the Protestant mobs in that town, where there happened to be a large body of "navvies" employed on the works of the Ulster railway. We have noticed these disgraceful riots in a separate article.

Public meetings, to express English sympathy with Garibaldi, and incite her Majesty's Government to urge the Emperor to withdraw his troops from Rome, have been held this week at Glasgow, Southampton, Shields, Bristol, and other large towns. At Glasgow, the chair was filled by Mr. Buchanan, M.P.; and at Bristol by the mayor, Mr. John Hare. The Very Rev. Dr. Elliott, the Dean of Bristol, together with Sir H. Hoare, Sir Edward Strachey, and Mr. Darby Griffith, M.P., took part in the proceedings there. Garibaldi's wound is healing; Professor Partridge has left Spezzia; and the surgical aid subscription is closed.

It is understood that the Primacy of England has been offered to Dr. Longley, now Archbishop of York, and accepted by him.

The Shoeburyness experiments are still going on. An ordnance gun, made at Woolwich, on Sir W. Armstrong's wrought-iron coil principle, but with Mr. Whitworth's hexagonal bore, a muzzle-loader 120-pounder, was fired at a range of 600 yards, at a target representing a section of the *Warrior's* side, consisting of iron plates $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, with 18 inches of teak, and an inner skin of iron $\frac{3}{8}$ ths of an inch thick. This gun, with a charge of 23 lb. of powder, sent first a solid hexagonal flat-headed shot of 129 lb. and next a live shell loaded with 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of powder, right through the target, so as to scatter the bits of shell beyond. If the Whitworth shell can only be made to hold as powerful a charge of powder as the Armstrong shell, no iron vessel can live.

The Prussian Government, it is expected, will, in consequence of its parliamentary defeat, undergo a modification, which will throw it more completely into the hands of the reactionary party.

MEN OF MARK.—No. LVIII.

PROFESSOR WILLIS, F.R.S.,

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR 1862.

THE Rev. Robert Willis, M.A., F.R.S., &c. &c., the President elect of that great gathering of British *savants* (the British Association) which meets at Cambridge on Wednesday next, is Jacksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge. He was born in London, in 1800, on the 27th of February. On proceeding to the University, he was entered

at Caius College, where he graduated B.A. as ninth wrangler in 1826, and gained a fellowship in the same year, which he subsequently vacated by marriage in 1831.

The special subjects to which Professor Willis has devoted himself, and of which he is pre-eminently a master, are natural philosophy, treated mathematically; acoustics, and the physics of oral language, mechanism, machinery and applied mechanics, ancient architecture, architectural history, construction and decoration, and he has an especially intimate knowledge of that peculiar style, the Gothic, which has been so exquisitely developed in the ecclesiastical edifices of this country. His eminence in architecture and the science of construction has been justly acknowledged by the Institution of Civil Engineers and the Institute of British Architects, who have appropriately elected him an honorary fellow of their societies, and has procured for him in the present year from the latter body the award of their Royal gold medal. His first published work was entitled "An Attempt to Analyze the Automaton Chess-player, 1821," at that time exhibited in London, in which he proved that there was ample space within the machine to contain a full-grown man, who could actuate the movements of the figure. From an early period of his connection with Cambridge, he has taken an active part in the proceedings of the Philosophical Society of that University, amongst whose members appear the familiar names of Sedgwick, Airy, Whewell, Peacock, Hopkins, Challis, and others not less worthy to be mentioned. In 1828 and 1829, he read there two of his earliest but still famous papers, "On the Vowel Sounds and Reed-organ-pipes," and "On the Mechanism of the Larynx."

Previous writers and experimenters never had looked beyond the vocal organs for the elucidation of this interesting subject, but, assuming their actual form to be essential to the production of the vowel-sounds, had restricted their descriptions to the relative positions of the tongue, palate, and teeth, as peculiar to each vowel, or had contented themselves with accurate measurements of the corresponding separation of the lips, the tongue, and the uvula; but this considering of the vowel-sounds in the light of physiological functions of the human body, instead of a branch of acoustics, was their fatal mistake. Professor Willis, convinced that the vowels were mere affections of sound not at all beyond the reach of mechanical imitation, set about to determine, by experiments on the ordinary acoustic instruments, what forms of cavities and other conditions were essential to the production of such sounds; then, by comparing these results, he deduced the explanation and reason of the various positions and actions of the larynx and other parts of the throat in the act of speech; and viewing the human organs of the voice as an acoustician, and not as an anatomist or physiologist, he pointed out the relationships between the modifications which organ-builders give to the reed organ-pipe, and those which the throat and mouth give to the vibrations of the larynx.

In 1830 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1831 he produced, in a course of lectures on sound, at the Royal Institution, his *Lyophone*, an acoustic machine, to show that the *quality* of the sound given by De la Tour's siren, and other such instruments for determining the velocities of the vibrations of different musical pitches, was not caused by the periodical interruptions of the current of air, but by the close recurrence of small noises.

In this year the British Association had birth under the presidency of Earl Fitzwilliam, and the Rev. Professor Willis was one of the original members. By the Section of Mathematical and Physical Science he was requested to prepare a report on the state of our knowledge concerning the Phenomena of Sound. This report he delivered orally the year following at the meeting at Oxford in 1832. The year 1835 saw the production of his "Remarks on the Architecture of the Middle Ages, especially of Italy," the result of a tour in France, Italy, and Germany, which the general neglect with which Italian Gothic had been treated had induced him to undertake.

In 1836 he read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society his views on the "Entablature of Grecian Buildings as distinguished from that of Egyptian Architecture." The next year, 1837, he was elected to the Jacksonian chair of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the University, on the death of Dr. Farish. Like his predecessor, he selected machinery for his principal subject, and his lectures in this new capacity excited much attention. In them he separated the principles of motion and force, a course in which he was shortly afterwards followed by Dr. Whewell, and which he further developed and elaborated in his "Principles of Mechanism," published in 1841. In that year also he perfected and exhibited a new engine for transferring to paper any numerical series of magnitudes, so as to exhibit the results in the form of a curve, agreeably to the method which has been so fruitful of advantages in the application of analysis to physics, and which is now so extensively adopted for exhibiting results.

At the British Association meeting at Liverpool in 1837, Professor Willis read a very valuable paper "On the Teeth of Wheels," in which, although the investigation of the proper curves to be given to the cogs of wheels had long been a favourite pursuit of mathematicians, he nevertheless pointed out new forms possessing more general properties than any which had been previously employed. In the following year he produced his "Odontograph," an instrument now very generally employed for enabling workmen to find at once the centres from which the two portions of the teeth are to be struck, so that they may work together truly. The same subject was also elaborately treated by him in a paper before the Institute of Civil Engineers in 1838.

The principles of a toy, if but properly understood, have as much charms for the man of true science as the investigations of the principles of more utilitarian machines. The steam-engine was once a philosophical toy, and when men first investigated the law which caused the rotation of a little globular boiler with two long arms, they little thought to what complexity and wonderful power the steam-engine would hereafter attain. There is a curious little philosophical toy consisting of a brass pipe, terminating in a flat plane or disc of brass. If a card be placed over the disc and we blow through the pipe, the orifice of which the card covers, so far from the card being blown away, it remains adherent to the disc. The action of the outgoing current of air in this case has often been viewed with astonishment; but Professor Willis, in one of those able papers which he has contributed to the Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, described and exhibited an instrument by which the exact nature of the pressure on the disc was demonstrated.

In 1842 we find him before the Institute of British Architects with a paper "On the Characteristic Interpenetrations of the Flamboyant Style," and another "On the Vaults of the Middle Ages," in which, by the help of many years' personal observation and study, he developed the construction and principles of these beautiful specimens of masonry, and the methods pursued by the ancient workmen in shaping the stones. In the same year he exhibited to the Institute his "cymagraph," an instrument by which to obtain exact drawings of the profiles of existing mouldings (*vide Engineers' Journal*, 1842, p. 219). In 1843 and 1844 he contributed to the Cambridge Antiquarian Society papers "On the Sextry Barn at Ely lately demolished," and "On the Architectural Nomenclature of the Middle Ages," a considerable part of which he subsequently incorporated in the fifth edition of the "Oxford Glossary," of which he was the editor.

In 1845 he published his elaborate "Architectural History of Canterbury Cathedral," being the matter of his discourse the year before in that city, and the first of those famous oral discourses which he has since almost annually given to the members of the Archaeological Institute at their successive congresses. Thus in subsequent years he has delivered lectures on the Cathedrals of Winchester, York, Norwich, Ely, Lincoln, Salisbury, Oxford, Wells, Chichester, Gloucester, Lichfield, Peterborough, and Worcester, and also on the architectural history of the University of Cambridge, of which only Winchester, York, Chichester, and Lichfield have been published, but the remainder are understood to be in preparation. The congresses of the Archaeological Institute begin on one Tuesday and last until the Tuesday following. Professor Willis's orations are given invariably on the Friday, and during the first three days of the sessions the Professor is nowhere to be seen. During that time he has "lived" in the Cathedral, and has been earnestly and unostentatiously studying its details. He has been examining it, questioning it, scraping its walls, comparing it with others he has previously visited, taking notes and making drawings of its details, and when the day arrives for the result of his studies to be given, the room, whether college-hall, town-hall, or assembly-room, is crowded with an audience comprising the most able antiquaries, and fully able to appreciate and criticize what they are about to hear.

The Professor never reads his address. He may have notes, but they are scarcely used; the drawings which are stretched on the walls are sufficient for him. They serve at once the purpose of aiding the memory and intelligence of the hearer and of suggesting topics to the speaker. The matter of the discourse is always valuable and interesting, to the point, suggestive, strictly logical, full of information, and containing only conclusions that are legitimately deduced from the facts and information he has collected. His manner is as agreeable as his matter is interesting. The lecturer labours under no constraint, is perfectly natural and fluent, uses but little action, and speaks with distinctness and easy enunciation.

In the afternoon the lecturer repairs to the cathedral, where he illustrates in a familiar and intelligible manner the discourse of the morning, pointing out peculiarities, indicating the different styles of architecture, and showing the grounds of the conclusions he had arrived at. In this way he makes the circuit of the building followed by the audience, with whom he always appears to be an especial favourite, and by whom he is always received with enthusiasm. Most courteous to all, his gentle manner invites the questioner, and thus his suavity and readiness to give information bring upon him a task much more onerous than lecturing, and one in which the risk of failure is infinitely greater. Once the Friday lecture given he seems to consider his work as over, and his fine pensive face is seen and welcomed everywhere.

In 1849 he published "The Architectural History of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem," which was also inserted in the second edition of Williams's "Holy City" (London, 1849). The church, or rather group of churches, known under that title, are said, in their original form, to have been erected by the Emperor Constantine, for the pious purpose of protecting the sepulchral cave in which the remains of the Saviour were laid. These buildings, known as the "Martyrium of the Resurrection," have long since disappeared, and others in their turn erected and destroyed on the same site. In this way we have the first edifices erected by Constantine, in A.D. 335; these were ruined in the Persian invasion of Chosroes, in A.D. 614, and restored by Modestus, in A.D. 629. Jerusalem was taken by the Moslems in 637, but although the sacred buildings were then spared from injury, they were utterly and wantonly destroyed by Kalif Hakem, in A.D. 1010. Thirty years afterwards the Emperor Constantine obtained permission to rebuild them, which was effected under the patriarch Nicephorus, about fifty years before the commencement of the Crusaders. By the Crusaders the buildings were greatly increased, and since their expulsion no important changes had taken place up to the period of the great fire of 1808, which necessitated the entire reconstruction of the central portions. Professor Willis's descriptions refer to the church usually known as the "Holy Sepulchre," the right to which title he vindicates, although it has been challenged by many able writers—for example, by Dr. Robinson and Mr. Fergusson, whose lecture on that subject before the Royal Institution, this year, has been already reported to our readers (p. 219, vol. iv.).

In 1849 a royal commission was issued "to inquire into the application of Iron to Railway Structures," of which Professor Willis, Captain James, Mr. Eaton Hodgkinson, and Lieutenant Galton, were members. Experiments were made to ascertain the action which takes place in railway-bridges during the passage of loads; and especially whether the velocity of any given load would operate to increase or diminish the pressure on the bars, and consequently whether it would have greater or less power to deflect or fracture them compared with the power of the dead weight of the load placed at rest upon the bars as in trial experiments of the strengths of materials. The result obtained from these experiments, principally conducted by Captain James and Lieutenant Galton at Portsmouth Dockyard, was that the velocity imparted to a load did increase the deflection of the bars, and this to such an alarming extent as to make it appear incredible that it should have escaped the attention of engineers. It was found, however, by observations on railway-bridges themselves, that in such practical works of large size the effects were infinitely less in amount, and it became, therefore, necessary to investigate the laws of the phenomenon.

Professor Willis constructed an apparatus by which these laws were developed and made capable of practical illustration. His mathematical theory, more fully worked out by Mr. Stokes, showed that the increased

pressure produced by the greater velocity of a passing load, so highly developed when slender elastic bars were employed, became unimportant in massive structures; and that it was only in short and weak bridges traversed with loads at excessive velocities that there was any fear of danger. This apparatus was subsequently exhibited at the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham in 1849.

Professor Willis took an active share in the Great Exhibition of 1851, of which he was deputy-chairman and reporter of the sixth class for manufacturing machines and tools, and in that capacity contributed a lecture on machines and tools for working in metal, to the series delivered to, and published by, the Society of Arts in 1852. In the subsequent International Exposition of Paris in 1854, we find him vice-president and reporter of the seventh class for the machinery of textile fabrics. For his services upon that occasion he was honoured by admission to the Imperial Legion of Honour.

In 1853, when the Museum of Practical Geology and Government School of Mines was established in the new building erected for its reception in Jermyn-street, the reverend Professor was engaged as the lecturer on applied mechanics, and in this capacity he now annually delivers a course of thirty-six lectures, and every alternate year an additional course of six lectures to working-men.

In 1851 he had published a description of a system of apparatus for lecturers on experimental philosophy and mechanism, which he had gradually matured during his courses of Cambridge Lectures, and he was now authorised by the Board of Trade, under whose jurisdiction the School of Mines was first placed, to devise and construct new and improved forms of apparatus for teaching machinery. Many of these are exhibited in the museum of South Kensington. Omitting many smaller works and contributions to the *Archæological Journal*, &c., we may conclude with the "Fac-simile of the Sketch-book of Wilars de Honecourt, an Architect of the Thirteenth Century, 1859." This was first published in Paris, with notes by M. Lassus. Professor Willis edited an English edition of it, translating many of the notes, and supplying a great number of original essays and notes, the results of his own inspection of, and tracings from, the manuscript itself, in 1851. This is deposited in the "Bibliothèque Impériale" at Paris, and is one of the most remarkable records of the practice and methods of the Mediæval artists and architects that has descended to our time.

As a lecturer, Professor Willis is unassuming, indefatigably painstaking; gifted with singular directness of thought, and conciseness of expression, from which results a simple but telling eloquence, convincing because it is clear. He is one of the most remarkable, if not the most popular, of our many eminent men of science.

Reviews of Books.

THE SOUTH VINDICATED.*

THE intrinsic merits of this volume are so slight that it would not deserve notice, did not the position of its author confer upon it somewhat of a representative character. Mr. Williams is a Southerner by birth and feeling, a strong upholder of slavery, a member of the Democratic party, and as such was accredited under the late Presidency Minister of the States to Turkey. Party feeling in the States, fostered and sustained by the enormous patronage belonging to a new President, never suffered an American official to merge his devotion to his party in devotion to the Federation, and Mr. Williams was as thorough a Democrat at Constantinople as when loafing about the porticoes at Washington. In this respect we must confess our inferiority to our kinsmen. Our ambassadors survive a change of administration, and attain so neutral a character, that the unassisted memory fails to remember to what ministry they owe their several appointments. We should be a little scandalized, if, on the eve of a general election, Sir Henry Bulwer or Sir James Hudson were to address a series of letters to the *Times*, magnifying the services of the Whigs, and denouncing the designs of the Tories; or, on the other hand, recommending the claims of Lord Derby, and vilifying Lord Palmerston: even if the ambassador's friends acquired or preserved the power he courted for them, they would scarcely be able to retain the services of their zealous partisan. Things were managed differently, if not better, in America. Mr. Williams was a Minister at Constantinople, sent there by the Democrats; the Presidential election was at hand, and it seemed possible that his candidate would be beaten. Actuated by his devotion to his party, and, if we followed his example we should add, by fear of losing his post, he resolved to fight in the cause; his position, unfortunately, disabled him from stumping it in the States, but he did his best, and addressed a series of letters to an American newspaper on the issues of the fight. Not even Mr. Williams's letters could prevent the election of Mr. Lincoln; the Republican candidate was successful, and Secession has followed. Mr. Williams has had the melancholy satisfaction of collecting his epistles, and publishing them, with some slight additions, in a book said to be the "first entered according to the Copyright Act of the Congress of the Confederate States of America." The volume before us is a reprint from the second American edition of this work, furnished with an introduction by a Mr. John Baker Hopkins.

The merits of Mr. Williams's letters are, as we have said, exceedingly slight; they are, in fact, stump speeches, which have unfortunately got into print. They are endlessly diffuse; the few statements, and the still fewer arguments they contain, are repeated again and again with so copious a supply of language, and so little attention to the proportion between the words and the thoughts they envelope, that we must be grateful to Mr. Williams for confining himself to little more than four hundred pages; it is evident that, with little or no effort, he might have doubled or trebled the number of sheets. This wearisome iteration is not the only characteristic of printed stump speeches; the weighty emphasis, the pauses, and the other harmless little dodges with which the orator creates an impression, are represented by the vigour of italics and small capitals. The sympathetic reader is alternately astounded and horror-stricken at the italicized revelations of British hypocrisy and cruelty; he weeps over the small capitals which tell of

the wrongs suffered by the South; notes of admiration are so eloquent upon Northern immorality and atheism, that he is appalled at the horrors which would befall the Slave States were slavery removed. In England we have seen something of this forcible style of writing. In the days of Mr. John Wilson Croker it was constantly found in the *Quarterly Review*; at present it may be met with in the vigorous letters in which "Investigator" or "Scrutator," in the *Morning Advertiser*, denounces the insidious designs of the Pope and Mr. Gladstone. We can, however, scarcely believe that Mr. Williams has studied old numbers of the *Quarterly*, or is a reader of the organ of the publicans; it is more probable that a kindred genius has produced kindred effusions; or, if we must find some writer upon whose style Mr. Williams has modelled his own, we should fix upon his celebrated countrywoman Mrs. Hemans as his pattern. In spite of her name, we are not aware that the Mother of the Modern Gracchi had any sons, but daughters we know she possessed,—what if Mr. Williams is the happy husband of one of them? The conjecture explains much that is otherwise dark to us. The cotton pocket-handkerchief of that remarkable woman waves to and fro before Mr. Williams's volume, and the obscure becomes clear. We are persuaded that he is the husband of the daughter of the Mother of the Modern Gracchi.

The principal statements and arguments of this volume may be very briefly expressed. First of all, no one has a right to say anything about the peculiar institution who has not lived within the States where it prevails; the information which travellers have given of its working are not to be credited, for their accounts have been written to suit the tastes of their readers, and not for the purpose of telling the truth:—

"The theoretical opposition to abstract slavery has been resolved most unjustly into a feeling of hostility to the institution known under that name now existing in the United States. This feeling has received from time to time fresh impulse from the slanderous publications of British tourists, who have more intellect than honesty, and a more ardent desire to reap a harvest of gold by pandering to the prejudices and vices of their readers than the meagre rewards bestowed upon those who communicate unpalatable truths. Added to these are the productions which, with more or less of literary merit, have emanated from native Americans, who desire by this [*sic*] means to ingratiate themselves into the favour of the British Anti-slavery party. A discriminating mind, in estimating the value of these productions, should remember that they emanate only from those who are wholly unacquainted by practical knowledge with the system they pretend to explain."

The italics are the author's. Having thus disposed of everything that can be brought against him, Mr. Williams proceeds to build up his argument. If slavery be a crime, which, however, Mr. Williams entirely denies, it is due, he says, to Great Britain. Great Britain forced slaves on her reluctant colonies; in spite of the opposition of America, the English Government poured slaves into the plantations and provinces; the trade was lucrative, and England grew rich upon it. It was not till independence was accomplished that the slave trade was abolished, and as comparatively few slaves were imported between the Declaration of Independence and the abolition of the trade, it follows that England received the price of nearly every slave now in the States. The conclusion, italicised by the writer, is, that "for nearly every drop of blood which flows in the veins of the slaves of the United States our mother England has received the price in gold!" Such a fact, were it a fact, might well make us hold our peace, but, luckily, we are not compelled to confess its truthfulness. We must, no doubt, acknowledge that our Government promoted and supported the slave trade to an extent opposed to the wishes of some colonists; but the insinuation that the colonists had any conscientious objection to slavery is wholly without foundation; the truth is that the colonial opposition was due partly to fear lest the number of slaves should so increase as to overpower the slave-owners, and partly to the self-interest of the richer colonists, who wished to enhance the value of their slaves by preventing further importation. The preamble to every colonial Act for restricting the trade recites, as the ground of legislation, the danger to the safety of the colony from the great importation of negroes. Neither in England nor in America was there, up to the end of the last century, the smallest doubt as to the lawfulness of slavery. Mr. Williams's notions on political economy are as loose as his views of history; as we cannot accept the sole guilt of creating slavery in the States, neither can we allow the price of all the slaves now living there to be laid at our feet. We have been sufficiently culpable in our indirect support of the institution, and no Englishman will be disposed to use harsh language towards the men of the South born in the atmosphere of slavery; but we must disavow the receipt of the purchase-money of the mass of American slaves. In 1790 there were not 700,000 slaves in the Union, now there are four millions; even if we allow that the price of the 700,000 was wholly received by home capitalists, we cannot be charged with the price of the four millions; the difference in value between the slaves at the time of the Declaration of Independence and the slaves of the present time is so much capital voluntarily sunk by Southern slaveholders in the development of one species of property. The men of Carolina and of Georgia have been doubtless tempted by the ready market they found for their slave-grown produce, and for presenting this temptation to them England is largely responsible; but it was still competent to them to refuse the bait: if they had so chosen there might have been by this time, without violent emancipation, no slave in the States. But they decided otherwise; year by year more and more capital has been invested in negroes, and their number has increased from 700,000 to 4,000,000 through a line of action precisely similar to that which has caused a like increase in the number of horses in England. But when Mr. Williams charges upon England all the guilt of slavery, he is only supposing, for the sake of argument, that any such guilt exists. Slavery is with him the last "crumb of Eden on airt;" he contrasts it with the free-labour of the European States, and repeats *ad nauseam* the exaggerated accounts of operative distress amongst ourselves, which Southerners contrast with the blessed condition of their niggers. Slave states are happy, free states are wretched; slave states are moral, free states are immoral; slave states are religious, free states are atheistic; slaves live in plenty, free labourers starve; indeed, slavery is the "apparent will of Omnipotence. Heaven itself has marked upon the brow of the African the seal of inferiority; and no laws, however stringent,—no physical power, however great,—could enforce upon the whites the recognition of such an equality. To believe that they could

* The South Vindicated. By the Hon. James Williams, late American Minister to Turkey. With an Introduction by John Baker Hopkins. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

do so is first to suppose them *[sic]* degraded." It is hard for a man who looks upon slavery as an essential element in true social life, to understand how men can wish for its abolition, but Mr. Williams has discovered why it is desired. This is the great point of his letters, to this he returns once and again, and he evidently prides himself upon his discovery. Great Britain is the leader of all Abolitionist movements, but when did it first begin to assume an Abolitionist position? It was immediately after the American colonies had severed themselves from the mother country. Then it was that English statesmen conceived the idea of ruining the country they could not subdue; the American colonies they no longer ruled, but in India they possessed a country which might successfully compete with America in tropical productions, even if slavery were preserved in the States, but would certainly under-sell America if slavery were abolished. Take away slavery and American industry and American power are destroyed. Hatred of the colonies which had successfully rebelled was the cause of the labours of Clarkson and Wilberforce; it was for this that the slave-trade and slavery were successively abolished; the compensation-money paid to West India proprietors was a small sacrifice in furtherance of the deep-laid scheme. Englishmen may be astonished at this analysis of their motives, but Mr. Williams is not to be deceived: he cites an article in the *Times* and a work of some Mr. Macqueen to prove the accuracy of his revelation:—

"The plain, outspoken, matter-of-fact index of British public sentiment, the *London Times*, furnishes in a late number, in brief but emphatic language, the key which affords an insight *[sic]* into the real motives that are thus slightly veiled under the assumed garb of benevolence and philanthropy. In discussing the importance of tropical productions as an auxiliary to British wealth and powers, the *Times* says:—'Now, in England we say that the slave-trade shall no longer be permitted to be carried on in any quarter of the globe, if by negotiation or by arms it can be repressed. In the case of the United States, indeed, we are compelled to content ourselves with the assurance that the American cruisers will do the work. Will any one, however, say that it is not mainly owing to the ceaseless exertions, to the philanthropic energy, to the entreaties, to the persuasions of this country, that the Anti-slavery Party in the States owes its strength? Blot out England, and English sympathies, and English power from the map of the world, and the battle between the North and the South would be fought on the other side of the Atlantic on very different terms. Slavery shall not be in our own dominions. Nor the slave-trade anywhere if we can help it. 'Could we have gone a step farther, and annihilated the peculiar institution in all other countries, as well as in our own, the problem would, in the main, have speedily received satisfactory solution. This, however, was beyond our power, and consequently we find ourselves in this anomaly, that we, without a slave-population, must compete in the markets of the world with other countries which have slave-populations, and that with respect to tropical productions.' This brief extract from the great London organ discloses the foundation upon which rests the hostility of the Political Abolition Party of England to slavery in America."

As for the abolitionists of the Northern States, the exposition of their motives is equally simple; in part they are beguiled by Great Britain, and led astray by the foolish following of English sentiment, which is fashionable in New England. But this is, of course, a comparatively weak spring of action; the more forcible motive is the desire of the great manufacturing capitalists of New England and Pennsylvania to share in the spoils of slave-labour by protective duties; it is for the purpose of acquiring power over the South that they use the watchwords of abolition, hoping thereby "to detach the great agricultural interests of the Free States in the West from their natural allies, the Southern States."

Such is the substance of Mr. Williams's letters to the American newspaper; he has added to them a letter to Lord Brougham, in which the peculiarities of his style are still more apparent. Lord Brougham, as we all remember, but would willingly forget, exhibited the restlessness of his character at a recent Statistical Congress, by calling the attention of Mr. Dallas to the fact that a negro was present with them. A little later, it seems, he received an invitation to join at Boston in the celebration of the anniversary of the death of John Brown; and in his answer he said he felt honoured by the invitation. In the same letter he added that "all friends of the human race must heartily rejoice" over the election of a Republican President. Lord Brougham was probably unaware that Mr. Williams, at Constantinople, had his eye upon him, and may have been surprised at reading (if he has ever read) a letter from the Minister in Turkey. But Mr. Williams recognised in the sentiment about "all friends of the human race" a grave personal charge against himself, and he instantly came down upon poor Lord Brougham in a redoubled fury of italics and notes of admiration.

Mr. Williams's letters occupy, as we have said, more than four hundred pages, but they nevertheless fail to give a reader any notion of the real issue between the North and the South; it might be concluded from his volume, that the Republican party intended to interfere with slavery in the existing Slave States, a thing which they were utterly powerless to do. Recent events make it more than ever necessary that all Englishmen should understand the real dispute which broke up the Democratic party, and which has since broken up the Union. The ability and the power of the South are now apparent to all men, and it is of the first importance that we should understand the policy of the Confederacy, with which we must shortly have to deal. It must be remembered that the struggle between the North and the South was not over slavery in the States, but slavery in the Territories; the Republicans insisted that the Federal Government had the power to forbid the introduction of slaves into Territories and new States; the more moderate Democrats denied this power to the Federal Government, but allowed it to the Government of every State when created; the thorough Southerners refused to concede that any authority could avail to keep out slaves, or as they put it, any citizen of the States had a right to migrate with his property (*i. e.*, his slaves), without molestation, into any other State. This is the principle of the Southern Confederation; slavery is legal throughout it and its territories, and cannot be interfered with, and the war between the North and the South may be recognized by lookers on as simply a determination of the limits of those States and Territories; shall the Confederates be bounded by the Mississippi and Mason and Dixon's line, or by the Pacific and the Potomac? The possibility of a territory bounded by the latter limits, held by a resolute and powerful people, might well make Englishmen review their Southern proclivities; still more, the thought that such a country necessitates the revival of the African slave trade. The slave trade has been, no

doubt, declared illegal by the Confederates, but what is the language of Mr. Jefferson Davis on the subject?

"The interest of Mississippi, not of the African, dictates my conclusion. Her aim is no doubt strengthened by the presence of a due proportion of the servile caste, but it might be paralyzed by such an influx as would probably follow, if the gates of the African slave market were thrown open. . . . This conclusion, in relation to Mississippi, is based upon my view of her present condition, not upon any general theory. It is not supposed to be applicable to Texas, to New Mexico, or to any future acquisitions to be made south of the Rio Grande."

The language of the Vice-President Stephens is of a similar character, and indeed it is evident that the revival of the slave trade is essential to the fulfilment of Southern schemes. Is England prepared to stand by and acquiesce in the renewal of the traffic?

Of Mr. John Baker Hopkins, who has introduced these letters of Mr. Williams to England, we know nothing. We cannot be grateful to the man who had added to our literature such unquestionable trash. It seems, however, possible that Mr. Hopkins does not possess the faculty of discriminating between good and bad, for the license of Mr. Williams in his use of English is happily paralleled in the pages of Mr. Hopkins's introduction.

THE GENTILE AND THE JEW IN THE COURTS OF THE TEMPLE OF CHRIST.*

MR. DARNELL has done good service in introducing Döllinger's "Heidenthum und Judenthum" to the notice of English readers. The work travels partly over the same ground as the recent brochure of the French pastor, M. Préssensé, but is far more elaborate, though somewhat less popular in its character, being designed, we believe, like a similar, but much shorter sketch of Neander's, as an introduction to the author's future Church History. One cannot, indeed, help regretting that the profound erudition of German scholars, of which this book is a striking example, is not usually recommended by a more attractive style; but it probably does not often happen that laborious research and luminous power of expression are found combined in a high degree in the same individual. The detailed accuracy of a Bopp, illustrated by the eloquence of a Rénan, would produce a very perfect, but scarcely attainable whole. If, however, Döllinger is wanting in the characteristic vivacity of French genius, it must not be supposed that his work is not full of deep and solid interest. To trace out in earlier formations of religious thought, whether among Jews or heathen, the soil on which Christianity was subsequently to be reared, is a study full of significance to the historian and philosopher, no less than to the divine. As regards Judaism, which occupies a comparatively small portion of the work before us, there was not, perhaps, much to be added to what is already generally known; but we are not aware that so exhaustive a treatment has hitherto been attempted of such forms of heathenism as came into more immediate contact with the nascent energies of the Christian Church. At the same time, it seems to us unfortunate that the writer should have confined himself to the religions of Greece and Rome, and those which were brought into direct relation with them, as the Egyptian and Persian, excluding, as irrelevant to the scope of his inquiry, the Paganism of Eastern Asia. It is difficult not to believe that Buddhism, which is here dismissed in a single page, exercised some influence on the development of early Christianity, when we remember its elaborate theology with the familiar distinction of "faith and works," the remarkable analogy between the old monachism of the Egyptian Laura and the systems of Buddhist asceticism which had preceded it by several centuries, and the detailed resemblances even, in some points, between Buddhist and later Christian rituals which have been noticed by M. Huc and other European travellers. We should certainly have been glad had Dr. Döllinger directed some part of his great erudition to throwing light on so interesting a subject.

Before turning from what the author has left undone to what he has actually accomplished, it may be well to say a few words on the merits of the translation. We had occasion some months ago to notice another translated work of Dr. Döllinger's bearing on the Roman Question, and it is only due to Mr. Darnell to say that he has acquitted himself of his task in a manner that contrasts most favourably with Mr. MacCabe's, and bears evident traces of the hand of a scholar and a man of taste. We have met, however, with several inaccuracies of expression, or what look very like them, not mentioned in the *errata*, and an occasional slovenliness of construction scarcely consistent with the general purity of style. Such quaint conceits, again, as that of spelling "worshiper" and its cognate forms with one p, look both ungraceful and pedantic. And, while it is natural that the author's Scriptural references should be made to the Vulgate, the translator would have better consulted the convenience of his readers, by adopting the arrangement and terminology of the English Bible. There can be no intelligible ground for retaining in English the Latinized forms of Hebrew names used by St. Jerome; nor is Mr. Darnell always consistent with himself, similar words, and even the same word, being sometimes spelt in different ways on the same page. But these are minor blemishes which a little care will easily correct.

On turning to the work itself a twofold inquiry suggests itself to us; first, as to the general characteristics of ancient Paganism, and its influence on the education of the human race; secondly, as to the distinction between the two great branches of thought and belief, represented respectively by the religions of Greece and Rome. On both points much may be learnt from the volumes before us. All we can hope to do here is to call attention to some of the more salient features of the case, nor can we stay to enter on any of the vexed questions concerning the common origin of the religious traditions of the Aryan family of nations. We must confine ourselves to the phenomena of their historical existence as gathered from contemporary records. Perhaps there is nothing which strikes a modern student so strangely on examining the subject,—and the further it is examined the more forcibly will the conviction be brought home to him,—as the almost entire absence of any moral element in the old religions. That the general tone of society has been far less affected than might, *a priori*, have been anticipated by the acceptance of a purer faith, may be quite true; that,

* The Gentile and the Jew in the Courts of the Temple of Christ: an Introduction to the History of Christianity. From the German of John J. I. Döllinger, Professor of Ecclesiastical History to the University of Munich. By N. Darnell, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford. Two vols. London: Longman. 1862.

with certain obvious exceptions, the bitterest sarcasms and most licentious ribaldry of Athenian or Roman Satirists find their fulfilment still in London, Paris, and Vienna, is beyond dispute. But one notable difference remains, inasmuch as with us religion, even when most powerless or degraded, is always, on the whole, arrayed on the side of righteousness, and can only in very rare and exceptional circumstances become, what it was habitually with them, the recognized minister and instrument of sin. It is not easy for us to realize even the possibility of what nevertheless was the normal condition of the Pagan world in this respect. We can hardly conceive a religious system, believed, respected, and enforced under stringent penalties for centuries, where yet, to adopt a convenient illustration, such phenomena as Dr. Achilli would represent fairly enough the average sacerdotalism of the day. In Greece Homer, with his more than questionable legends of gods and goddesses, was "the real and only school-book," "the religious book of boys, youths, and men;" in fact, with the addition perhaps of the lyric poets, the authorized catechism and Bible of the people, as is implied, to go no further, in the opening of the "Protagoras." The sacred rites and images, alike of Greeks and Romans, were more often than not directly suggestive of impurity, while the holiness supposed to be requisite for worthily approaching the Deity was technical and external in a manner almost inconceivable to modern ideas. If the sense of guilt demanded a bloody expiation, sacrifice was not a confession of sinfulness, but simply an equivalent for sin. The lawfulness and propriety of pious frauds may be said to have been, even with the greatest thinkers, an accepted axiom. As to any notion of the priesthood acting as moral and religious guides, or exercising any other than an exclusively ceremonial office, it was never dreamt of. What our author has said on this point of Rome under the Empire, may be applied to the whole state of the ancient heathen world:—

"In all parts of the empire the priesthood was dumb, without doctrine or tradition, a mere liturgical executive; and through this the philosophers attained to so considerable an influence upon the people. They, and they only, were in possession of a doctrine, and from out the circle of their ideas they could counsel, warn, and interpret, speaking to the heart of practical life in its confusion and errors. Had a priest attempted to do so on the strength of his office, he would have been regarded as arrogant and absurd, so little did people connect the idea of teaching and the care of souls with that of a priest of the gods. This entire social province, ever indispensable to civilized people, thus fell to the share of the philosophers; and hence, we are told, when a misfortune befel a man, the death, for instance, of a beloved object, he would have a philosopher summoned to impart consolation to him" (vol. ii., p. 156).

Amid this universal impotence for good of the established worships, three centres of religious or quasi-religious influence, which seem to throw a doubtful radiance on the surrounding gloom, challenge our attention,—the oracles, the mysteries, and the teaching of philosophers and poets. Of these three the last is incomparably the most important, but the two former must not therefore be ignored. On the value of the oracles Döllinger has not said much that is new. While rejecting the absurd explanation of their acquiring knowledge of events through a vast network of espionage stretched over the civilized world, he seems inclined to account for their influence mainly, on the one hand, from that happy ambiguity for which they have become proverbial, and which is expressed by the saying of Heraclitus, *οὐτε λέγει οὐτε κρύπτει ἀλλὰ σημαίνει*; and, on the other, from that keen desire to pry into futurity, which, if specially fostered among the ancients, as he thinks, by the dreariness of unsatisfying creeds, need hardly excite surprise in the contemporaries of the American spirit-rappers, of Mr. Foster and Mr. Home. There is, however, a deeper question behind. The oracles, especially that of Delphi, were frequently consulted on graver questions than those of mere idle curiosity. And the persistent reverence felt for them, a reverence which Socrates evidently shared, constrains us to believe that they spoke under a better inspiration than that of mere skilful chicanery, and that their influence was mainly on the side of truth and right. We see not how else to explain the high estimation in which they were held by the wisest and holiest, no less than by the most ignorant of the people, or the exceptional horror expressed when the oracle was found to "philippize," whereas the deities and rites of national worship were a constant butt for indignant denunciation or bitter gibe.

On the Greek mysteries, especially the Eleusinian, Dr. Döllinger has expended considerable labour and research. We think he has satisfactorily made out, from their character and traditional origin, as imported from Crete by Orpheus, that they embodied in the worship of Dionysos Zagreus (the Atys of Catullus's well-known poem), and the scenic representations of his death and resurrection to life, a clearer hope of immortality than was supplied by the popular religion; not, however, that this was taught as a doctrine, for the mysteries had no esoteric teaching to communicate as such, but was mystically represented on the stage. But it must not, therefore, be inferred that initiation produced, or was intended to produce, any moral or spiritual effects on those who submitted to it. The merely physical character of the previous lustrations, and the gross indecency of parts of the actual ceremonies known to have taken place, preclude such a view, while the silent or expressed contempt of such writers as Plato and Plutarch, coupled with the ascertained fact that nearly all the Athenians, as well as many strangers, were initiated, points to an opposite conclusion. Æschylus, the most religious of Greek poets, was never initiated at all. And the language of Christian converts who had been initiated is quite in accordance with St. Paul's supposed reference to the subject in Ephesians v. 12. The mysteries, while gratifying the popular taste for theatrical shows, may have held out to those who were ignorant or distrustful of philosophical speculations, some vague, but not utterly worthless, hope of a future beyond the grave, and this is the utmost that can be said for them. We may admit that they were the salt of the old Greek religion, but a salt which had lost its savour.

The real religious teachers of the ancient world, so far as the name can be used at all, were the philosophers and poets, the former exercising, of course, a deeper influence within a select circle, while the works of the latter, through oral instruction and theatrical representations, became, in Greece, the common property of the people. Döllinger does not appear as much at home with the poets as with the philosophers, and some of his references to them strike us as the reverse of felicitous. Thus, we are told in one passage, that "Sophocles is the most religious of the Greek poets," in defiance of the surely universal judgment assigning that place to Æschylus,

whose markedly religious temper could not escape the notice of a tolerably intelligent schoolboy. Still stranger is the opinion elsewhere expressed, that the noblest specimens of the female sex are to be found in Euripides, an opinion which will scarcely commend itself to those who remember the famous criticism on that poet in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, and who have read the "Antigone." But the judgment passed on Juvenal surprises us most, being comprised in two lines, where it is inferred, from a hasty misapplication of a well-known passage in the Second Satire (Sat. ii. 149, *et seq.*), that he had no belief in a future state. That, in common with all educated men of his day, he rejected the popular legends about Charon and the Stygian Lake may be assumed safely enough, but a very slight reference to the passage quoted will show that he is speaking not so much in contempt of the legends as in bitter regret at the prevalent impiety which, in rejecting the legends, rejected all religious belief, while his general tone goes far to vindicate for him the claims of being, with the one exception of Persius, the most religious of Roman poets. Of his strong sense of moral obligation and the righteous retribution of evil there is ample proof. The author's mistake is the more inexplicable, as within two pages he insists on Plutarch's belief in the immortality of the soul, while recording his contempt for popular myths on the subject. The religious poetry of the Greeks in its higher forms, as in Æschylus and Pindar, contrasts, no doubt, remarkably, in its elaborate and artificial structure with the stern simplicity of the Hebrew prophets, indicating, in the one case, the conscious and laboured creation of a devout but imaginative mind, which is master of its own materials; in the other, the awe-struck record of accepted facts, the utterance of a message which can neither be moulded nor suppressed; the Greek never loses for a moment the sense of his own individuality, the Hebrew is not so much guided as absorbed by the strong monotheistic instinct of the Semitic race. But Greek poetry must have had, on the whole, an ennobling and spiritualizing influence as compared with the rites and legends of the popular faith. That the religious poets, who mostly represented the conservative element, looked with profound suspicion on even the highest teachings of philosophy, is implied in the circumstance that Aristophanes, to all appearance a sincere and high-principled man, did his best to let loose the bloodhounds of persecution against Socrates. Nor is this wonderful. For Greek philosophy, "that noblest creation of the Hellenic intellect," as the writer justly calls it, while taking its point of departure from the theologic or cosmogonic traditions of Homer and Hesiod, "from its very outset to the close of its career, found itself, sometimes in open, sometimes in covert opposition, more or less direct, to the state religion and the religious ideas of the people." In that philosophy, which for vigour and delicacy of abstract thought has seldom been equalled, never surpassed, and which has contributed so much to shape the moral and religious speculations of later Christendom, we touch upon the highest ideal which formed the intellect or commanded the reverence of the heathen world. And yet, after studying not so much its contents as its history, the feeling impressed most vividly on the mind is one of disappointment, that where so much was attempted so little should have been accomplished in the way of direct influence for good. *Sic vos non vobis.* For us, rather than for themselves, worked those mighty masters of the human mind. To us they have indeed left, like the Greek historian, an "everlasting possession." But, in their own day and their own country, if not without honour, they taught, at least for the most part, without practical results. Of the cause of this impotence many accounts may be given. We shall have something to say upon it before proceeding to contrast the civilizations of Greece and Rome.

(To be continued.)

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S LIFE.*

It is not without reason that the age of Queen Elizabeth has so long attracted the fervent sympathies of Englishmen. Situated in the border space between the Mediæval and modern periods, and combining, in a high degree, the romance of chivalry with the more regulated enterprise of a civilization which had begun to calculate, but had not yet learned meanness, it is dear alike to the poetic dreamer and to the practical man of progress. It was the period of the great outburst of everything grand and admirable in the Saxon mind. Though the whole population south of the Tweed was then scarcely equal to that of some single counties at the present time, we discover in the England of that day statesmen whom, if many find it hard to love, yet all cordially admire, good soldiers, brave sailors, heroic colonists, a philosopher whose transcendent services to humanity compel us to speak of him in the singular number, as a class by himself, and poets, one of whom at least has become a household name, not merely in our own land, but to mankind for ever. On the whole, the great characters of this remarkable epoch have by no means paled in glory through the increased flood of scrutiny that has been lately poured upon them. Lord Bacon himself, though by no means triumphantly vindicated in his moral behaviour, is certainly not further degraded by any interpretation, however severe, of the able researches of Mr. Spedding and others. Less than ever can we now deny to Elizabeth that piercing discrimination, that wondrous ability to appreciate the grand intellects around her, which is even rarer in a sovereign than in positive genius; if, indeed, this be not in itself the highest and most beneficial genius which an absolute ruler can possess. Her vanity, her caprice, and even her cruelty, can never succeed in effacing from men's minds the memory of the invaluable services which she rendered to her country. We now detect many stains and tarnishes in a character which only dazzled her contemporaries; but the instinct of posterity, which is seldom unsound, has agreed to recognize the true white luster behind them. It is true that "the fierce light which beats upon a throne and blackens every blot" has recently elicited some plausible doubts as to the degree in which Elizabeth deserved even her popular appellation of the Virgin Queen; but, with all respect to Mr. Froude, we must decline, without further confirmation, to receive as incontrovertible the testimony of a man whom he himself pronounces to be deliberately untruthful in other and equally important particulars.

But even if the Queen's own womanly reputation may at this moment be said to be hanging in the balance; and if the course of historical investiga-

* The Life of Sir Philip Sidney. By Julius Lloyd, M.A. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

tion proves more and more clearly that men, even the greatest, are yet but men, often weak, and sometimes wicked, there is, nevertheless, one star amid that brilliant constellation of the great names which adorn the Elizabethan era, concerning which we may feel sure that the popular verdict will ever remain unaltered. The name of Sir Philip Sidney continues still, not only upon the lips of men as a subject of fame, but in their hearts as an object of affection. They whom the gods love die young. Whether Sidney, if he had lived longer, would have travelled, like so many others, farther and farther from the "splendid vision," till at length, in the fulness of manhood,—

"He perceived it die away,
And fade into the light of common day,"—

is what we can never know, and a wholly unprofitable subject for speculation. What we do know is, that to the end of his short pilgrimage of less than thirty-two years, he was uniformly a true hero. From Penshurst to Zutphen his character is the same; he is ever pure, truthful, and chivalrous, beyond the sons of men. Perhaps there could be no better testimony, both to his intellect and to his goodness of heart, than that he should have won the deep love of a man like Hubert Languet. His letter to the Queen concerning her projected marriage with the Duke of Anjou, is demonstrative at once of his statesmanship and of his fearless integrity. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum* was his consistent moving principle, and he loved the reformed religion with the spirit of a martyr. His life, so singular in its beauty, and so unselfish in all its aims, has been of late years illustrated by much new matter, and its purity has emerged brighter and clearer from the fires of criticism. His good name never needed rehabilitation, like that of Bacon. In the case of the great chancellor, it might reasonably be expected that a more careful scrutiny would explain and palliate conduct which seemed difficult to understand, if not positively monstrous, in a man of the loftiest genius, and whose avowed principles were the noblest possible. But in the case of Sidney it might have been apprehended that a nearer acquaintance would tend to dissipate or diminish that intense love which high-minded men have always entertained for his character. It might have been feared that the sympathy excited by his early and tragical death, would be found to have in some degree warped that iron impartiality which the historian must strenuously acquire, but which is so rarely manifested in those who attempt to judge a public man from a contemporary point of view. But it appears that a people's grief is not given for nothing. There is now and then a crisis in which the old saying *Vox populi vox Dei* seems almost a truism. The mourners who followed Sidney to his grave in St. Paul's were true interpreters of a nation's unerring sorrow. The more we ascertain about Sidney, the more does our feeling resemble theirs. The result of modern investigation is rather to endow the critic with the warmth of an enthusiast, than the enthusiast with the coldness of a critic.

Feeling as we do in this matter, it is with the greatest pleasure that we now welcome the work of Mr. Julius Lloyd. He has given us a book which, blending as it does the diligent exactness of historical scholarship with the living interest inspired by the author's genuine human sympathy, deserves to be widely read, both for its own sake and for the sake of him whom it commemorates. A good popular biography of a popular hero is always desirable; and seldom has any work of the kind been better executed than the one now before us. Mr. Lloyd has used conscientiously all the materials accessible at the present day, including many valuable State Papers. His skill, diligence, and good taste in weaving these into the main body of his narrative, without either prolixity or the unwelcome display of learning, are beyond all praise. He acknowledges with great candour in his preface his obligations to the labours of others. Among those who have most recently thrown additional light upon the career of Sidney are Mr. J. L. Motley in his "History of the United Netherlands," and Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne in his "Memoir of Sidney." Mr. Lloyd, however, has chosen a vacant niche, and occupies it well. He has thoroughly understood and practised that virtue which seems to have almost wholly died out of the world of modern book-makers—the suppression of self. Nothing that might tend to illustrate his own acquirements rather than the life of his hero is perceptible in a single page. There are no digressions, though, from the penetrating aptitude of such general remarks as were absolutely needed for the elucidation of the narrative, it is easy to perceive that the author might have touched with success upon a far wider field of history than that to which he has confined himself. Neither the Queen, nor Walsingham, nor Cecil, nor the Earl of Leicester are referred to for their own sakes. Sidney is, as he ought to be, the central point, and to him all things converge. It is a great merit in Mr. Lloyd that he comes to his task in no spirit of cold indifference to the character he intends to portray. Such a tone of mind is too often mistaken for impartiality. In true fact, the more a biographer loves his hero the better. The only necessary make-weight in the balance of a sensible man's judgment is that, while he loves his hero much he should love truth more. No interesting life was ever produced by a writer who failed to bring the element of a generous enthusiasm to his task. The best, as well as the truest, of biographies is "Boswell's Life of Johnson." Stanley's account of Dr. Arnold, and Mrs. Oliphant's of Edward Irving, owe the greater part of the interest they inspire to the fact of their being written by cordial admirers. Lights and shadows are alike faithfully rendered by Mr. Lloyd in the life of Sidney. But there is a tendency, with which we by no means quarrel, to judge the doubtful points charitably.

In discussing Sidney's love for Lady Penelope Devereux, afterwards Lady Rich, of which we possess a record in the beautiful sonnets entitled "Astrophel and Stella," Mr. Lloyd sets down what we believe to be the true principle. "Simple justice requires that what in any one's conduct is obscure should be construed agreeably to the part which is clear. It is no true candour, but a spirit of detraction, which would interpret in the worst sense questionable passages of a good man's life." Sidney's passion is, we think, successfully excused; but there is no attempt at vindication. Had it entirely vanished at the moment his own expected bride was married to another, Sidney must have been either more or less than human. "In the end, his soul, saddened yet chastened, rose, like Spenser's, from earthly to heavenly love, as he expresses in a sonnet which should have been printed with the rest, with its concluding motto, '*Splendidi longum valedico iugis*.'" We cannot refrain from quoting the sonnet in question. If we bear in mind the circumstances under which it was composed, it is really one of the most affecting poems in the English language. Its lofty and devout simplicity

render it as perfect in its kind as the famous sonnet of Milton in behalf of the persecuted Protestants of Piedmont. As the strain of Milton exhibits the grandeur of indignant passion, so in that of Sidney is revealed the severe but hopeful melancholy of deliberate self-control:—

"Leave me, O love! which reaches but to dust,
And then, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings;
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light
That both doth shine, and give us eyes to see.
Oh, take fast hold! Let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death;
And think how ill becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then, farewell, world; thy uttermost I see!
Eternal love, maintain thy life in me!"

The popular estimate of Sidney's character is based upon two anecdotes,—one relating to his high-flown liberality on a certain occasion to the poet Spenser; the other to the memorable incident of his resigning the cup of water to the wounded soldier on the field of Zutphen when himself fainting and athirst from loss of blood. The last of these is undoubtedly authentic; the other, though dismissed by Mr. Lloyd as untrue, is rather "not proven" than absolutely disproved. But however this may be, the two stories give a faithful and vivid picture of Sidney's real disposition. He was liberal to a fault. There was no single grain of avarice in his moral constitution. He seems to have carried out almost literally that precept of George Herbert, who was afterwards to be so fair an ornament of the house into which his sister married:—

"Give to all something; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began."

He died considerably in debt; partly, no doubt, from having too far indulged his love of general magnificence and splendour, but, in a great measure, from the generosity with which he supplied from his own resources, when governor of Flushing, the necessities of the brave soldiers whom he could not bear to see starving and demoralized around him through the niggardliness of the home authorities. He possessed not merely the half-virtues of most open-handed men, but the large-hearted merciful tenderness of the true giver. He added in this particular, as in most others, firm conscientious principle to the goodness he inherited from nature; and if he ran into extremes, it was not to gratify the masked appetite of a selfish vanity. But the story of his kindness to the dying soldier on the field of Zutphen displays something more than this. It proves, as by the test of fire, the habitual Christian tone of his mind. Such a piece of heroism could seem unforced only in one whom we know to have been penetrated with the love of that Divine Master who had taught him by example how a perfect man could live and die. The spontaneous victory of religion in his heart was a greater thing than his chivalrous valour in a charge which can only be compared with that of Balaklava. And so, when we watch by Sidney's death-bed, as he lay for whole days pining away in that cold, appalling reaction of the blood from a wound received in the heat of battle, we are not surprised to find him calm as ever, and resigned to what he could not but feel a hard thing, the leaving life in the prime of physical vigour and manly achievement. Being pressed to say whether he preferred to live or die, he answered, "I do not grieve to die, and yet, to speak plainly, I rather wish to live." And he had cause to wish it. As Mr. Lloyd shows, Sidney was now in the thick of what he had always looked forward to as the main earthly interest of his life. "He had before his eyes, and under his hand, the task which had long loomed before him as the mission to which he was called. The grandeur of the contest with Spain had been understood by him with more than ordinary clearness. He saw in it nothing less than a national struggle for liberty and a religious struggle for truth." Add to this his passionate love of glory and high exploits, and we may in some degree understand how attractive life was to him. The account left of Sidney's last days by Gifford, one of Leicester's chaplains, is very significant. The picture presented to us is that of a good man dying in deep sorrow. The life, which, to others, had seemed so noble, appears to him, when called to approach the bar of God's justice, to have been wasted and full of vanity. The short time remaining he spends wholly in repentance, afflicted but not forsaken. He is resting upon a hope, which, as it was not born of earth, is able to follow him, and to fulfil itself beyond the grave.

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SANDBY'S HISTORY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

THAT much-abused body, the Royal Academy, finds at last a thick-and-thin defender outside of its own pale in the person of Mr. William Sandby. We presume, indeed, that this gentleman is a relative of two of the original Academicians, Thomas and Paul Sandby, though no intimation to that effect appears in his book. He himself is not practically connected with the fine arts. He avows that his object in writing is to counteract the opposition to the Academy. His book is compiled from consultation of the Academician records, personal details supplied by several members, and the memoirs and statements previously published. Mr. Sandby expressly relieves the Academy itself from any responsibility on account of his work.

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The history of native art in England is a very small affair up to the appearance of Hogarth. We read of such details as the first academy in the country founded by Charles I., termed the Museum Minervæ, and including several things besides the arts of design; of Evelyn's project of an academy, which never took effect; of Thornhill painting for £3 a yard; and of the development of art in the eighteenth century, in the hands of its native professors, under the modest guise of sign-painting. The great Hogarth, foremost in every aspect of British art, was the first to effect something of a substantial kind in the way of an academy, by getting together, in 1734, some "thirty or forty persons drawing after a naked figure;" the institution being managed on a perfectly liberal system, and lasting for about thirty years or upwards. In like manner, his paintings at the Foundling Hospital produced the first approach to an exhibition, in the middle of the eighteenth century. The first regular exhibition was in 1760, in the rooms of the Society of Arts in Beaufort-buildings; when 130 works were contributed by 69 artists. The Society, in 1754, was the first to offer premiums for works of art. The foundation of the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain followed in 1765; and a somewhat subversive change in their governing body, in 1768, resulting in the retirement of West, Chambers, Wilson, and others, brought about the establishment of the Royal Academy by George III., on the 10th December, in the same year. The Incorporated Society continued to hold exhibitions up to the year 1791, when it collapsed.

The cry of schism, intrigue, underhand forestalling, and the like, on the part of the seceders who formed the nucleus of the nascent academy, has been raised with incessant echo by its opponents. We cannot perceive that there is much in the cry; and, even if it was of any validity in its day, it is high time that it should be dropped at last, having no further practical worth. Each party did the best for its own interests, as understood by itself. The juniors of the Incorporated Society outflanked their seniors; and they, in their turn, faced about, and, getting George III. for their commander-in-chief, outflanked the juniors. The substantial question is—Which were the better lot? And to this question there can be but one answer when we find Reynolds, Gainsborough, Paul Sandby, Wilson, Chambers, and Barrett, on the list of the foundation-members of the Royal Academy, and, among the non-seceders, a scanty scattering of recognizable names, of which the best are Romney, Allan Ramsay, and the engravers, Strange and Woollett. It is quite possible that the reasons for secession may have been debateable, and that the seceders would have acted a handsomer part by their original society by abiding within its pale; but, in such a case, each man is the best judge of his own cause, and entitled to avail himself of such advantages as offer.

We may fairly, therefore, shut our ears now to the charge of intrigue in the formation of the Academy; nor do we see much to complain of in their constitution as settled under the sanction of the king, and as subsequently modified. The often-discussed question, for instance, of the narrowness of the number of Academicians, forty, does not appear to us to be by any means determined adversely to them; for, although there is a glaring disproportion between that number as a ratio of the profession in 1768 and in 1862 respectively, we cannot but think it sufficient, even in 1862, to include all the truly distinguished artists of the day. The real blot in the Academy is not in its origin or its constitution, but in its administration; and this is a blot which a far more ingenious advocate than Mr. Sandby would fail to cancel. Illiberal usage of able rising men; illiberal antagonism to men who have done something of established excellence, but who are not of the supple and compliant class; deficiencies and futilities in the system of instruction, which ought to have managed by this time to turn out British artists as strong in draughtsmanship as the French or any others; a half-hearted trimming between the assertion of the dignity of art, as art, and the attempt to conciliate "society" by the advancement of decorous mediocrity, as evidenced more especially in the presidential elections,—these are the qualities which make the Academy petty or obnoxious in the eyes of many persons fully competent to judge of the facts, and who would be much better pleased to uphold than to carp at an institution of the kind. It cannot be too often repeated that an artistic body, entrusted with important public functions,

ought to know nothing of any considerations which do not appertain to art. To select invariably the best competing artist as an exhibitor, an associate, an academician, a professor, and a president, would be no impossible stretch of virtue, nor of discretion either, if only the will were constant. That many eminent artists and honourable men have adorned the ranks of the Academy is incontestable; but every indifferent Academician and every excellent non-academician—two classes neither of them small,—are a standing reproach to the Academy, and a proof that, if not perhaps worse than other bodies of the same kind, it is yet far indeed from attaining to the high standard to which it ought to conform. To err is certainly human; but for professional men to err frequently in professional questions is discreditable not so much to their judgment as to their good faith.

We can read the history of the Academy—its artistic timorousness, and its worldly subserviency—in the list of its presidents, and the presidents' history can be read in their faces. Of course, we except the original president, Reynolds; a man consummately fitted to take the headship of the art of his time in that or any position. Benjamin West, the academic painter, the mild, respectable man, the pet of George III.; Wyatt, the court architect, who ousted him for a short while; Lawrence, the handsome and courtly, the showy and somewhat meretricious portrait-painter, the darling of fashion; Shee, the same type of man and painter, only several grades lower, good at rounding a written or an after-dinner period; Eastlake, cultivated and prudent, much too good for the abuse with which he has often been assailed, but by no means the best artist among the men open to election, and therefore by no means the best man to elect; all of them tell the same tale—that the Royal Academy have idols dearer than art, and have not manliness enough to face the world boldly upon the grounds of that noble art which they profess, and to leave all other properties to take care of themselves. And yet a body consisting of none but the best artists, and presided over only by the very best among themselves, could not fail, in the long run, to enlist higher public consideration than one in which tact and facility of personal intercourse are held in as great account as genius. The stress which the Academy, and such adherents of the Academy as Mr. Sandby, have always laid upon the annual banquet to persons "exclusively in elevated situations, of high rank, distinguished talents, or known patrons of the arts," is a most significant and pitiable symptom of what lies at the core of this important artistic community.

To return to Mr. Sandby's subject-matter, for the purpose of tracing some main lines of the Royal Academy's course. The original constitution of the body makes no provision for the secondary rank of Associates. These were established in 1769, just a year after the foundation of the Academy, and fixed at the low number of twenty. In like manner the Associate Engravers were established in 1779. It was not till 1854 that engravers were admitted to the full status of Academician, in a class distinct from the fundamental forty. The first home of the Academy was in Pall-mall. In 1780 they removed to Somerset House; in 1836 to their present home in the National Gallery. The rest of their history must be read chiefly in the lists of their members, and in the statistics of their exhibitions and funds, of which we proceed to extract a few items.

The first exhibition, 1769, contained 136 works; that of the death of Reynolds, 1794, contained 780; that of 1800, 1100; that of 1819, the largest till then, 1248. The largest figure which we notice is 1521, in 1846, and again in 1854. The Great Exhibition year of 1851 afforded the greatest number of visitors up to that date, 136,821, paying £9,017; but even this number was exceeded in 1860 and last year, when the receipts amounted respectively to £10,900 (the highest sum recorded) and £10,358. The last year in which a deficiency had to be supplied from the Sovereign's privy purse was 1780, only eleven years after the establishment of the Academy. In 1805 to 1809, six weeks was the ordinary term of an exhibition, now extended to about three months. Up to 1779 the annual average of students in the schools did not exceed 30; they were 160 in 1861. The total receipts of the Academy up to 1859, the latest year for which this account is given, were £384,480; the total expenses, £279,980; and the amount of stock belonging to the body, £122,600. The pension fund was established in 1775, and its outgoings up to 1859 amounted to £28,739, over and above £32,772 paid in donations to distressed and superannuated artists and their families, more than half of this amount being awarded to persons unconnected with the Academy.

Two of the Academy's windfalls deserve notice—the bequests made by Turner and Chantrey. Under the decree of the Court of Chancery, which wound up the Turner law proceedings, the Academy received £20,000, free of legacy-duty. They laudably decided to keep this fund "separate from that usually applied by them to charitable purposes, and to call it the Turner Fund, to be employed for the relief of distressed artists, not members of the Royal Academy, but who, from their poverty, might have been eligible for the Turner Asylum intended to have been established under his will. Six artists have since annually received £50 each from this fund. The portion of the fund which is not employed for charitable purposes is appropriated to the support of the schools." The Chantrey bequest, which will fall to the Academy at the death of Lady Chantrey, is to be applied partly in annuities to the president and secretary. The interest of the residue, amounting, it may be inferred, to something less than £2,000 per annum, "is to be laid out in the purchase of the works of fine art of the highest merit in painting and sculpture that can be obtained, either already executed, or which may be hereafter executed, by artists of any nation resident in Great Britain when they were completed." Commissions and any expenditure upon a gallery are prohibited, and the works thus obtained are to form "a public national collection."

We have spoken in terms of general encomium of Mr. Sandby's work, and do not intend to detract from that encomium by specifying some blemishes. The foremost of these (not to dwell any further upon the pervading, and as we think excessive, championship of the Academician body) is a want of nice critical perception in treating of the individual artists—for which, indeed, Mr. Sandby is not to be blamed, as he does not assume the connoisseur, but which derogates from the standing of a book to whose completeness connoisseurship might almost be termed essential. His critical remarks upon the artists are of quite an ordinary level, and he appears to have a specially defective eye for colour. We cannot understand the eyesight of a man who finds *Madise* "a gorgeous colourist," Charles Landseer a "good" one, Hart's colouring "rich and

* The History of the Royal Academy of Arts from its Foundation in 1768 to the Present Time: with Biographical Notices of all the Members. By Wm. Sandby. Two vols. Longman & Co. 1862.

tion proves more and more clearly that men, even the greatest, are yet but men, often weak, and sometimes wicked, there is, nevertheless, one star amid that brilliant constellation of the great names which adorn the Elizabethan era, concerning which we may feel sure that the popular verdict will ever remain unaltered. The name of Sir Philip Sidney continues still, not only upon the lips of men as a subject of fame, but in their hearts as an object of affection. They whom the gods love die young. Whether Sidney, if he had lived longer, would have travelled, like so many others, farther and farther from the "splendid vision," till at length, in the fulness of manhood,—

"He perceived it die away,
And fade into the light of common day,"—

is what we can never know, and a wholly unprofitable subject for speculation. What we do know is, that to the end of his short pilgrimage of less than thirty-two years, he was uniformly a true hero. From Penshurst to Zutphen his character is the same; he is ever pure, truthful, and chivalrous, beyond the sons of men. Perhaps there could be no better testimony, both to his intellect and to his goodness of heart, than that he should have won the deep love of a man like Hubert Languet. His letter to the Queen concerning her projected marriage with the Duke of Anjou, is demonstrative at once of his statesmanship and of his fearless integrity. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum* was his consistent moving principle, and he loved the reformed religion with the spirit of a martyr. His life, so singular in its beauty, and so unselfish in all its aims, has been of late years illustrated by much new matter, and its purity has emerged brighter and clearer from the fires of criticism. His good name never needed rehabilitation, like that of Bacon. In the case of the great chancellor, it might reasonably be expected that a more careful scrutiny would explain and palliate conduct which seemed difficult to understand, if not positively monstrous, in a man of the loftiest genius, and whose avowed principles were the noblest possible. But in the case of Sidney it might have been apprehended that a nearer acquaintance would tend to dissipate or diminish that intense love which high-minded men have always entertained for his character. It might have been feared that the sympathy excited by his early and tragical death, would be found to have in some degree warped that iron impartiality which the historian must strenuously acquire, but which is so rarely manifested in those who attempt to judge a public man from a contemporary point of view. But it appears that a people's grief is not given for nothing. There is now and then a crisis in which the old saying *Vox populi vox Dei* seems almost a truism. The mourners who followed Sidney to his grave in St. Paul's were true interpreters of a nation's unerring sorrow. The more we ascertain about Sidney, the more does our feeling resemble theirs. The result of modern investigation is rather to endow the critic with the warmth of an enthusiast, than the enthusiast with the coldness of a critic.

Feeling as we do in this matter, it is with the greatest pleasure that we now welcome the work of Mr. Julius Lloyd. He has given us a book which, blending as it does the diligent exactness of historical scholarship with the living interest inspired by the author's genuine human sympathy, deserves to be widely read, both for its own sake and for the sake of him whom it commemorates. A good popular biography of a popular hero is always desirable; and seldom has any work of the kind been better executed than the one now before us. Mr. Lloyd has used conscientiously all the materials accessible at the present day, including many valuable State Papers. His skill, diligence, and good taste in weaving these into the main body of his narrative, without either prolixity or the unwelcome display of learning, are beyond all praise. He acknowledges with great candour in his preface his obligations to the labours of others. Among those who have most recently thrown additional light upon the career of Sidney are Mr. J. L. Motley in his "History of the United Netherlands," and Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne in his "Memoir of Sidney." Mr. Lloyd, however, has chosen a vacant niche, and occupies it well. He has thoroughly understood and practised that virtue which seems to have almost wholly died out of the world of modern book-makers—the suppression of self. Nothing that might tend to illustrate his own acquirements rather than the life of his hero is perceptible in a single page. There are no digressions, though, from the penetrating aptitude of such general remarks as were absolutely needed for the elucidation of the narrative, it is easy to perceive that the author might have touched with success upon a far wider field of history than that to which he has confined himself. Neither the Queen, nor Walsingham, nor Cecil, nor the Earl of Leicester are referred to for their own sakes. Sidney is, as he ought to be, the central point, and to him all things converge. It is a great merit in Mr. Lloyd that he comes to his task in no spirit of cold indifference to the character he intends to portray. Such a tone of mind is too often mistaken for impartiality. In true fact, the more a biographer loves his hero the better. The only necessary make-weight in the balance of a sensible man's judgment is that, while he loves his hero much he should love truth more. No interesting life was ever produced by a writer who failed to bring the element of a generous enthusiasm to his task. The best, as well as the truest, of biographies is "Boswell's Life of Johnson." Stanley's account of Dr. Arnold, and Mrs. Oliphant's of Edward Irving, owe the greater part of the interest they inspire to the fact of their being written by cordial admirers. Lights and shadows are alike faithfully rendered by Mr. Lloyd in the life of Sidney. But there is a tendency, with which we by no means quarrel, to judge the doubtful points charitably.

In discussing Sidney's love for Lady Penelope Devereux, afterwards Lady Rich, of which we possess a record in the beautiful sonnets entitled "Astrophel and Stella," Mr. Lloyd sets down what we believe to be the true principle. "Simple justice requires that what in any one's conduct is obscure should be construed agreeably to the part which is clear. It is no true candour, but a spirit of detraction, which would interpret in the worst sense questionable passages of a good man's life." Sidney's passion is, we think, successfully excused; but there is no attempt at vindication. Had it entirely vanished at the moment his own expected bride was married to another, Sidney must have been either more or less than human. "In the end, his soul, saddened yet chastened, rose, like Spenser's, from earthly to heavenly love, as he expresses in a sonnet which should have been printed with the rest, with its concluding motto, '*Splendidis longum valedico nugis*.'" We cannot refrain from quoting the sonnet in question. If we bear in mind the circumstances under which it was composed, it is really one of the most affecting poems in the English language. Its lofty and devout simplicity

render it as perfect in its kind as the famous sonnet of Milton in behalf of the persecuted Protestants of Piedmont. As the strain of Milton exhibits the grandeur of indignant passion, so in that of Sidney is revealed the severe but hopeful melancholy of deliberate self-control:—

"Leave me, O love! which reaches but to dust,
And then, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings;
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light
That both doth shine, and give us eyes to see.
Oh, take fast hold! Let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death;
And think how ill becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then, farewell, world; thy uttermost I see!
Eternal love, maintain thy life in me!"

The popular estimate of Sidney's character is based upon two anecdotes,—one relating to his high-flown liberality on a certain occasion to the poet Spenser; the other to the memorable incident of his resigning the cup of water to the wounded soldier on the field of Zutphen when himself fainting and athirst from loss of blood. The last of these is undoubtedly authentic; the other, though dismissed by Mr. Lloyd as untrue, is rather "not proven" than absolutely disproved. But however this may be, the two stories give a faithful and vivid picture of Sidney's real disposition. He was liberal to a fault. There was no single grain of avarice in his moral constitution. He seems to have carried out almost literally that precept of George Herbert, who was afterwards to be so fair an ornament of the house into which his sister married:—

"Give to all something; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began."

He died considerably in debt; partly, no doubt, from having too far indulged his love of general magnificence and splendour, but, in a great measure, from the generosity with which he supplied from his own resources, when governor of Flushing, the necessities of the brave soldiers whom he could not bear to see starving and demoralized around him through the niggardliness of the home authorities. He possessed not merely the half-virtues of most open-handed men, but the large-hearted merciful tenderness of the true giver. He added in this particular, as in most others, firm conscientious principle to the goodness he inherited from nature; and if he ran into extremes, it was not to gratify the masked appetite of a selfish vanity. But the story of his kindness to the dying soldier on the field of Zutphen displays something more than this. It proves, as by the test of fire, the habitual Christian tone of his mind. Such a piece of heroism could seem unforced only in one whom we know to have been penetrated with the love of that Divine Master who had taught him by example how a perfect man could live and die. The spontaneous victory of religion in his heart was a greater thing than his chivalrous valour in a charge which can only be compared with that of Balaklava. And so, when we watch by Sidney's death-bed, as he lay for whole days pining away in that cold, appalling reaction of the blood from a wound received in the heat of battle, we are not surprised to find him calm as ever, and resigned to what he could not but feel a hard thing, the leaving life in the prime of physical vigour and manly achievement. Being pressed to say whether he preferred to live or die, he answered, "I do not grieve to die, and yet, to speak plainly, I rather wish to live." And he had cause to wish it. As Mr. Lloyd shows, Sidney was now in the thick of what he had always looked forward to as the main earthly interest of his life. "He had before his eyes, and under his hand, the task which had long loomed before him as the mission to which he was called. The grandeur of the contest with Spain had been understood by him with more than ordinary clearness. He saw in it nothing less than a national struggle for liberty and a religious struggle for truth." Add to this his passionate love of glory and high exploits, and we may in some degree understand how attractive life was to him. The account left of Sidney's last days by Gifford, one of Leicester's chaplains, is very significant. The picture presented to us is that of a good man dying in deep sorrow. The life, which, to others, had seemed so noble, appears to him, when called to approach the bar of God's justice, to have been wasted and full of vanity. The short time remaining he spends wholly in repentance, afflicted but not forsaken. He is resting upon a hope, which, as it was not born of earth, is able to follow him, and to fulfil itself beyond the grave.

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THAT much-abused body, the Royal Academy, finds at last a thick-and-thin defender outside of its own pale in the person of Mr. William Sandby. We presume, indeed, that this gentleman is a relative of two of the original Academicians, Thomas and Paul Sandby, though no intimation to that effect appears in his book. He himself is not practically connected with the fine arts. He avows that his object in writing is to counteract the opposition to the Academy. His book is compiled from consultation of the Academician records, personal details supplied by several members, and the memoirs and statements previously published. Mr. Sandby expressly relieves the Academy itself from any responsibility on account of his work.

The plan is business-like and to the purpose. After a brief sketch of the history of art in England prior to the foundation of the Academy, and of the circumstances under which the latter was founded, Mr. Sandby proceeds to give, in distinct chapters, an account of the history of the body under each of its presidents, with intermediate chapters containing summaries of the lives and performances of all Academicians and Associates elected in the respective presidencies. An appendix is added, containing various lists useful for reference, and an abstract of the laws of the Academy and its schools. The sound principle of "Enough, and not too much," is, on the whole, realized in Mr. Sandby's labours.

The history of native art in England is a very small affair up to the appearance of Hogarth. We read of such details as the first academy in the country founded by Charles I., termed the Museum Minervæ, and including several things besides the arts of design; of Evelyn's project of an academy, which never took effect; of Thornhill painting for £3 a yard; and of the development of art in the eighteenth century, in the hands of its native professors, under the modest guise of sign-painting. The great Hogarth, foremost in every aspect of British art, was the first to effect something of a substantial kind in the way of an academy, by getting together, in 1734, some "thirty or forty persons drawing after a naked figure;" the institution being managed on a perfectly liberal system, and lasting for about thirty years or upwards. In like manner, his paintings at the Foundling Hospital produced the first approach to an exhibition, in the middle of the eighteenth century. The first regular exhibition was in 1760, in the rooms of the Society of Arts in Beaufort-buildings; when 130 works were contributed by 69 artists. The Society, in 1754, was the first to offer premiums for works of art. The foundation of the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain followed in 1765; and a somewhat subversive change in their governing body, in 1768, resulting in the retirement of West, Chambers, Wilson, and others, brought about the establishment of the Royal Academy by George III., on the 10th December, in the same year. The Incorporated Society continued to hold exhibitions up to the year 1791, when it collapsed.

The cry of schism, intrigue, underhand forestalling, and the like, on the part of the seceders who formed the nucleus of the nascent academy, has been raised with incessant echo by its opponents. We cannot perceive that there is much in the cry; and, even if it was of any validity in its day, it is high time that it should be dropped at last, having no further practical worth. Each party did the best for its own interests, as understood by itself. The juniors of the Incorporated Society outflanked their seniors; and they, in their turn, faced about, and, getting George III. for their commander-in-chief, outflanked the juniors. The substantial question is—Which were the better lot? And to this question there can be but one answer when we find Reynolds, Gainsborough, Paul Sandby, Wilson, Chambers, and Barrett, on the list of the foundation-members of the Royal Academy, and, among the non-seceders, a scanty scattering of recognizable names, of which the best are Romney, Allan Ramsay, and the engravers, Strange and Woollett. It is quite possible that the reasons for secession may have been debateable, and that the seceders would have acted a handsomer part by their original society by abiding within its pale; but, in such a case, each man is the best judge of his own cause, and entitled to avail himself of such advantages as offer.

We may fairly, therefore, shut our ears now to the charge of intrigue in the formation of the Academy; nor do we see much to complain of in their constitution as settled under the sanction of the king, and as subsequently modified. The often-discussed question, for instance, of the narrowness of the number of Academicians, forty, does not appear to us to be by any means determined adversely to them; for, although there is a glaring disproportion between that number as a ratio of the profession in 1768 and in 1862 respectively, we cannot but think it sufficient, even in 1862, to include all the truly distinguished artists of the day. The real blot in the Academy is not in its origin or its constitution, but in its administration; and this is a blot which a far more ingenious advocate than Mr. Sandby would fail to cancel. Illiberal usage of able rising men; illiberal antagonism to men who have done something of established excellence, but who are not of the supple and compliant class; deficiencies and futilities in the system of instruction, which ought to have managed by this time to turn out British artists as strong in draughtsmanship as the French or any others; a half-hearted trimming between the assertion of the dignity of art, as art, and the attempt to conciliate "society" by the advancement of decorous mediocrity, as evidenced more especially in the presidential elections,—these are the qualities which make the Academy petty or obnoxious in the eyes of many persons fully competent to judge of the facts, and who would be much better pleased to uphold than to carp at an institution of the kind. It cannot be too often repeated that an artistic body, entrusted with important public functions,

ought to know nothing of any considerations which do not appertain to art. To select invariably the best competing artist as an exhibitor, an associate, an Academician, a professor, and a president, would be no impossible stretch of virtue, nor of discretion either, if only the will were constant. That many eminent artists and honourable men have adorned the ranks of the Academy is incontestable; but every indifferent Academician and every excellent non-academician—two classes neither of them small,—are a standing reproach to the Academy, and a proof that, if not perhaps worse than other bodies of the same kind, it is yet far indeed from attaining to the high standard to which it ought to conform. To err is certainly human; but for professional men to err frequently in professional questions is discreditable not so much to their judgment as to their good faith.

We can read the history of the Academy—its artistic timorousness, and its worldly subservieny—in the list of its presidents, and the presidents' history can be read in their faces. Of course, we except the original president, Reynolds; a man consummately fitted to take the headship of the art of his time in that or any position. Benjamin West, the academic painter, the mild, respectable man, the pet of George III.; Wyatt, the court architect, who ousted him for a short while; Lawrence, the handsome and courtly, the showy and somewhat meretricious portrait-painter, the darling of fashion; Shee, the same type of man and painter, only several grades lower, good at rounding a written or an after-dinner period; Eastlake, cultivated and prudent, much too good for the abuse with which he has often been assailed, but by no means the best artist among the men open to election, and therefore by no means the best man to elect; all of them tell the same tale—that the Royal Academy have idols dearer than art, and have not manliness enough to face the world boldly upon the grounds of that noble art which they profess, and to leave all other proprieties to take care of themselves. And yet a body consisting of none but the best artists, and presided over only by the very best among themselves, could not fail, in the long run, to enlist higher public consideration than one in which tact and facility of personal intercourse are held in as great account as genius. The stress which the Academy, and such adherents of the Academy as Mr. Sandby, have always laid upon the annual banquet to persons "exclusively in elevated situations, of high rank, distinguished talents, or known patrons of the arts," is a most significant and pitiable symptom of what lies at the core of this important artistic community.

To return to Mr. Sandby's subject-matter, for the purpose of tracing some main lines of the Royal Academy's course. The original constitution of the body makes no provision for the secondary rank of Associates. These were established in 1769, just a year after the foundation of the Academy, and fixed at the low number of twenty. In like manner the Associate Engravers were established in 1779. It was not till 1854 that engravers were admitted to the full status of Academician, in a class distinct from the fundamental forty. The first home of the Academy was in Pall-mall. In 1780 they removed to Somerset House; in 1836 to their present home in the National Gallery. The rest of their history must be read chiefly in the lists of their members, and in the statistics of their exhibitions and funds, of which we proceed to extract a few items.

The first exhibition, 1769, contained 136 works; that of the death of Reynolds, 1794, contained 780; that of 1800, 1100; that of 1819, the largest till then, 1248. The largest figure which we notice is 1521, in 1846, and again in 1854. The Great Exhibition year of 1851 afforded the greatest number of visitors up to that date, 136,821, paying £9,017; but even this number was exceeded in 1860 and last year, when the receipts amounted respectively to £10,900 (the highest sum recorded) and £10,358. The last year in which a deficiency had to be supplied from the Sovereign's privy purse was 1780, only eleven years after the establishment of the Academy. In 1805 to 1809, six weeks was the ordinary term of an exhibition, now extended to about three months. Up to 1779 the annual average of students in the schools did not exceed 30; they were 160 in 1861. The total receipts of the Academy up to 1859, the latest year for which this account is given, were £384,480; the total expenses, £279,980; and the amount of stock belonging to the body, £122,600. The pension fund was established in 1775, and its outgoings up to 1859 amounted to £28,739, over and above £32,772 paid in donations to distressed and superannuated artists and their families, more than half of this amount being awarded to persons unconnected with the Academy.

Two of the Academy's windfalls deserve notice—the bequests made by Turner and Chantrey. Under the decree of the Court of Chancery, which wound up the Turner law proceedings, the Academy received £20,000, free of legacy-duty. They laudably decided to keep this fund "separate from that usually applied by them to charitable purposes, and to call it the Turner Fund, to be employed for the relief of distressed artists, not members of the Royal Academy, but who, from their poverty, might have been eligible for the Turner Asylum intended to have been established under his will. Six artists have since annually received £50 each from this fund. The portion of the fund which is not employed for charitable purposes is appropriated to the support of the schools." The Chantrey bequest, which will fall to the Academy at the death of Lady Chantrey, is to be applied partly in annuities to the president and secretary. The interest of the residue, amounting, it may be inferred, to something less than £2,000 per annum, "is to be laid out in the purchase of the works of fine art of the highest merit in painting and sculpture that can be obtained, either already executed, or which may be hereafter executed, by artists of any nation resident in Great Britain when they were completed." Commissions and any expenditure upon a gallery are prohibited, and the works thus obtained are to form "a public national collection."

We have spoken in terms of general encomium of Mr. Sandby's work, and do not intend to detract from that encomium by specifying some blemishes. The foremost of these (not to dwell any further upon the pervading, and as we think excessive, championship of the Academician body) is a want of nice critical perception in treating of the individual artists—for which, indeed, Mr. Sandby is not to be blamed, as he does not assume the connoisseur, but which derogates from the standing of a book to whose completeness connoisseurship might almost be termed essential. His critical remarks upon the artists are of quite an ordinary level, and he appears to have a specially defective eye for colour. We cannot understand the eyesight of a man who finds *Madise* "a gorgeous colourist," Charles Landseer a "good" one, Hart's colouring "rich and

* The History of the Royal Academy of Arts from its Foundation in 1768 to the Present Time: with Biographical Notices of all the Members. By Wm. Sandby. Two vols. Longman & Co. 1862.

deep," Roberts's "rich and brilliant," E. M. Ward's "rich and lucid," Horsley's "rich," Richmond's failure in sacred art "richly coloured in the manner of the Venetian school," and English colour in the painting of heads long after Reynolds "equal to the Venetian." One has the option of considering this mere complaisance or mere nonsense. Another blemish is the introduction of trivial matter every now and then in the chapters which sum up the history of the Academy, such as Shee's passing remarks at prize distributions, Wilkins returning thanks at an Academy dinner, and references to such features of Academy *soirées* as "the gay and tasteful dresses of many of the guests," and "light refreshments provided in abundance." The reader's imagination might be trusted to surmise all this, and, even if it be too sluggish for the purpose, he loses nothing. Here and there we notice decided mistakes or inaccuracies; the Florentine school "beginning with Cimabue and Giotto in 1276;" the French and Spanish schools attaining to the zenith of their power about the same time as the Italian, German, Flemish, and Dutch; the foundation of the English school of painting dating from the foundation of the Royal Academy—a monstrous absurdity, with Hogarth already dead, and Reynolds as well as others already established; "Blackheath Park" in 1852 the last exhibited picture of Mulready; Burton-upon-Trent in Somersetshire, instead of Staffordshire; Cockerell recently elected President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, whereas the recent event is Cockerell's resignation, and Tite's election in two successive years; and some errors of fact regarding the commencement of the Præraffaellite movement. These, and other lapses which we could specify, may be regarded as venial in themselves; but they suggest a considerable amount of undetected error in a book which deals largely with dates and other particulars of ostensible exactness. Foreign names also suffer most grievously and systematically at Mr. Sandby's hands. There is no excuse for Leonardo da Vinci (at least thrice over), the Petti Palace in Florence, and Sans Ovino (!), among several of somewhat minor atrocity. There is, moreover, one instance in which Mr. Sandby allows his zeal for the Academy to betray him into a sneer against a deceased and well-deserving opponent, equally stupid and callous. In speaking of a parliamentary inquiry at which various opponents of the Academy gave evidence, he names, as one of them, "the unfortunate B. R. Haydon, whose death by his own hand, some twelve years after this inquiry, in a measure explains his previous conduct." This can only mean that Haydon was insane when he committed suicide, and must have been partially insane to stand up against the Academy: a grovelling insinuation, which transcends even the blatant foolery of Turner—barely pardonable in a genuinely faithful son of the Academy—who exclaimed, on hearing of the stout-spirited, defeated painter's death, "He stabbed his mother!"—the "mother" being the impeccable Academy aforesaid. In a second edition, which Mr. Sandby deserves, on the whole, to attain, we trust to find him doing penance for this abnegation of his better self.

FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE PAST MONTH.

IN France the holidays begin in August, for the publishing of books as well as the schooling of boys. Prudent authors and booksellers will not bring out much at this season of the year, when the Parisian public has abandoned Paris to foreign and provincial visitors. Only those authors who must at any time command success, besides a few others, whose publications were involuntarily delayed, court attention now.

Having mentioned holidays, we may, before examining the few books of this period, notice that customary ceremonial which ushers in the holidays of the University of France. The Minister of Public Instruction speaks in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, to the whole professional and scholastic corps, and to the students, upon the occasion of distributing the prizes to pupils of the Lycées, and those prizes which are open to general competition, for certain essays and themes. M. Rouland figures well in this performance; he knows the way to speak to young people, though of course without such intellectual authority and such academical grace as M. Villemain or M. Cousin, his predecessors, would display, but with a *bonhomie* and a cordiality which please. This year, the Minister adverted to some important reforms about to be made in the system of instruction. In the classical department, the occupations of the students had been too minutely and rigidly prescribed. The Minister promised, therefore, to make arrangements for leaving to each of them more time for private reading of their own choice, more liberty of self-instruction. While, by the higher classical studies, youth are trained for a liberal condition of life, and scientific knowledge is obtained in the Polytechnic, and in the military and naval schools, a want has long been felt of other schools, for special professional training, which shall at the same time give a fair degree of general instruction in literature and science. A notion which has of late been patronized by some highly influential personages is that of establishing International Colleges, where the living languages may be acquired while the ordinary course of study is pursued. The French Minister of Instruction has decidedly been struck with this idea. Meantime, he has announced the speedy formation of professional schools, to rank with the Imperial Lycées, whether attached to these, or separate from them, and in which the young persons who are in training for commercial or manufacturing employments may, along with the technical acquirements, receive a liberal and classical education.

This is also the time for the university examinations, and especially for those preliminary to diplomas of professorship being conferred. The teaching class throughout France is thus recruited with new adepts. Rambling towards the ancient Sorbonne, the head-quarters of the University of France, a curious stranger might now find the old building thronged, and full of bustle. In each of its halls are seated the inspectors-general, with retired professors, forming a sort of jury, and having particular branches of scientific or literary study referred to them. The candidates for professorial diplomas having first, under their eye, written certain exercises, those who have passed this ordeal the most successfully are next admitted to an oral examination. This goes on for a fortnight; it is hard work for the judges, while for the candidates it is a severe trial. Scarcely one hundred, out of perhaps five hundred of them, will get their diplomas. Those who pass the examination, being entitled to their appointments, are dispersed by the Minister of Public Instruction among the various Lycées of France. Three or four may be so lucky as to remain in Paris. By this process the centralized educational

system of France provides, year by year, new teachers for the rising generation.

But it is time for us to come to the new books. The one which might brave with the least risk the perils of this unfavourable season, is the last volume of the "History of the Consulate and Empire," by M. Thiers, which has been hailed with as much eagerness as the volumes before. It is divided into three parts: "Waterloo"—"The Second Abdication"—"St. Helena." The absorbing interest with which French readers must follow this narrative may well be imagined. Several recent publications, such as "The Campaign of 1815," by M. Quinet, and M. Victor Hugo's description of the Battle of Waterloo, had revived the controversies and emotions which this subject must always excite. M. Thiers, whatever be his authority as a critic of military skill, displays his talent of clear and graphic writing in endeavouring to prove that Napoleon's conduct on that occasion, in his last battle, was equal to his former reputation as a soldier and as a great man. It is to the lack of confidence in him, which some of his generals betrayed there, and to their disobedience, as well as to some of those ill chances which are frequent in war, that M. Thiers, while acknowledging the good management of the English commander, would ascribe the causes of that great disaster by which the First Empire was overthrown. He has, by the way, also put at rest those curious disputes which had arisen about the authenticity of Cambonne's famous *mot*; and it was high time to put an end to them, for too much fuss was made about that unimportant anecdote, for the verification of which even a regular trial by jury has been proposed. M. Thiers, however, reminds us, that it is the sentiment of heroism, and not the words that may have been spoken, in which consists the real interest of that moment, when the Old Imperial Guard chose rather to die than to lay down their arms. The grand drama of Napoleon reached its pathetic termination at St. Helena. M. Thiers, without vain declamation, relates that mournful ending of a great man and of a great transaction, enhancing its moral seriousness by showing us what were Napoleon's reflections then upon the history of mankind, as well as upon the epic of his own career.

Excepting this volume, which finishes a work of considerable extent, we have not got much in the historical line during the past month. There is, indeed, the work of M. Poujoulat, entitled, "History of the Popes, from St. Peter to the Foundation of their Temporal Power," followed by a narrative of "Recent Events in the History of the Papacy and of the Roman State from 1847 to 1862;" but this is a partisan work which does nothing either for the true history of the past, or for the solution of existing difficulties. M. Poujoulat is an Ultramontanist writer, but in selecting for the subject of historical disquisition the earliest times of the Papacy, when the Holy See, being strong in faith, needed not to be endowed with secular dominion, he really suggests a most decisive argument against the Pope's temporal power. The history of that singular ecclesiastical principality, in the times when its power stood firm and undisputed, may just now be advantageously studied. This has been done by M. Bonjean, a lawyer as well as an author, in his learned book which appeared three months ago, entitled "Du Pouvoir Temporel du Pape." Several of the French bishops and cardinals have written against this book, without being able to answer it. As for M. Poujoulat, he has taken good care to shun the antagonist whom he would meet in that part of the field.

The "Life of the Venerable Peter, Abbot of Cluny," in two volumes, by M. Prémoray, though it does not deal with the urgent questions of the day, belongs no less to the Catholic party. The Venerable Peter was contemporary with St. Bernard and with Abelard. There is a certain fascination in the study of the great institutions and the great men of those middle ages. It has again been brought into vogue by M. Montalembert's "Monks of the West." In M. Prémoray's book we miss the power of style, and the force of passion, which characterize all the writings of Montalembert, though it displays a sounder knowledge and truer comprehension of the period. The subject itself has not indeed so much interest as that of the "Life of St. Bernard," written by the erudite Neander, or that of "Abelard," with which Messrs. Cousin and Rémusat have dealt. If St. Bernard was the Bossuet of the twelfth century, the Venerable Peter of Cluny was the Fénelon of that age; and the famous Abelard was a bolder thinker than any the seventeenth century produced in France. By the figurative epithets bestowed upon these men in their own lifetime, St. Bernard was the eagle, Peter was the dove, and Abelard was the subtle serpent of that age. The tranquil virtues of him who tempered Bernard's fiery zeal, and in whose convent the proscribed Abelard sought repose, may not afford such an exciting object of historical contemplation as the other two. But this sketch was wanted to complete the picture of the religious aspects of France in the twelfth century. At the present moment, however, it is likely that readers will bestow more attention on a new book about Italian and American affairs. Three books of that description have come out in the past month. It will be remembered that Prince Napoleon went to America last year, at the outbreak of the disastrous war between North and South. M. Ferri Pisani, one of his suite, who travelled with him through the Northern States, whilst the war preparations were going on, and visited afterwards the Canadian shores of the great lakes, gives us the fruits of his observation, under the title of "Letters from the United States." He relates many curious facts and incidents, which have an air of freshness, and make very profitable reading at this particular moment. The two publications relating to Italy are both upon the subject of that illustrious statesman whose loss, for more than a twelvemonth past, Italy has not ceased to deplore. The first, which is entitled, "Récits et Souvenirs du Comte de Cavour," by M. de la Rive, of Geneva, one of his intimate friends, has been reviewed in our pages. The other book is the "Œuvre Parlementaire de Cavour," by M. Artom, his private secretary. As the former makes us acquainted with his private and personal life, he is shown to us as a statesman in the latter publication, which, indeed, forms a most important chapter of the Italian history of our time. We see the great minister at his labours, the great debater in his place in Parliament; we find here those speeches and those diplomatic compositions which the world will not willingly let die, since they constitute the political testament of the ablest and most patriotic minister we have seen in these days. The friends of Italy will everywhere accept both these publications with the liveliest interest.

On the affairs of some other and more distant lands, we have works of an immediate interest. M. de Bazancourt gives us the second volume of his "History of the China and Cochinchina Wars." He is too much of an

official historian, but his materials are the documents supplied by the French military administration; and he has had frequent opportunities of seeing and of interrogating persons who bore an important part in the events which he narrates. Two small volumes, by M. Jacobs, on "New Africa and Oceania," contain much interesting matter. He is a student of geography, who, possessing extensive knowledge, has the art of adorning it with a pleasing style. He gives us a clear account of whatever the most recent explorations of English, French, and German travellers have made known, both with respect to the central regions of the African continent, and the isles of the Southern and Eastern Archipelagos.

In passing to the more amusing kinds of literature, we have to mention a book on the "History of Greek Romances and Novels," by M. Chassang. He is professor of the Greek language and literature in the Higher Normal School, that central establishment where French professors of the humanities receive their training. He is therefore, as might be expected, a man of learning and of taste. He presents a diverting view of the manifold varieties of fiction among the romance-writers of antiquity. The term "romances" is modern, but the thing itself is old enough. In fact, the ancients made everything more or less a subject for romancing,—philosophy, poetry, religion, geography, and history. Homer's Trojan war is a romance, and so is Homer himself. Xenophon may be relating the simple fact, when he tells us of the retreat of the Ten Thousand, or the Peloponnesian war, but of the life and conquests of King Cyrus he makes a romance. Diodorus Siculus has a collection of stories, with as much of fable as of truth in them. Greece always enjoyed a reputation for this sort of thing, as Juvenal says,—

"Quidquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historiâ."

This book of M. Chassang is a study of historical criticism. It is a guide for the historical inquirer to distinguish, in the mixture of fact and falsehood, what belongs to him from that which does not. The later ages of Greek and Latin literature gave birth to the professed romance or novel, such as those of Lucian, Longus, and Apuleius, whence the Byzantine fabulists bring us down almost to the *Chansons de gestes* and the *Trouveurs* of the Middle Ages in Western Europe.

But we must notice the new novels produced in France, in this year 1862. There are two fresh productions respectively of M. Jules Janin and M. Edmond About. The title of Jules Janin's last book, is "Tales not Stamped,"—*Contes non Estampillés*. To explain this title, we must remember the state of the French law, which regulates the publishing of books. In general, all literary productions may be placed on sale at all the booksellers' on payment of a patent tax. But there is a special government authorization which confers the privilege of sale at the railway stations, and of sale by *colportage*. The official department, which controls this privilege, is accustomed to refuse it to any books which might be detrimental to legal authority, morality, or religion,—sometimes, perhaps, to those which might be offensive to the Government. Those allowed to be sold by book-hawkers, or on the railways, are marked with a peculiar stamp. It must not be imagined that the "Unstamped Tales" of M. Jules Janin are hostile to morality or to the laws. Far from it; he has been particularly careful to make them quite irreproachable this time. His choice of a title for them is a little bit of mild revenge. They had refused the favour of the stamp to his last work, entitled "The End of the World, and the Nephew of Rameau," so he has written these tales, in which no fault can be detected, and has not applied to have them stamped. He sends them forth now, with a preface full of witty malice directed against the official censorship. They consist of three charming sketches of French rural life in the last century, as his last production, named above, was a curious but rather fantastic picture of the same period. The new work of Edmond About, which he calls "The Notary's Nose," will, perhaps, not be so great a success as "The Man with the Torn Ear." There is the same vivacity, alertness, and archness of style, but the conception is less happy, and the reader himself gets tired of being perpetually quizzed by M. About. He has dedicated this book to General Bixio, in acknowledgment of Bixio's sacrifices for the cause of Italy. Such services, indeed, are aptly recompensed by receiving from M. Edmond About a dedication of "The Notary's Nose!"

To finish with the literary intelligence of the month, we may mention that two new journals, both of very great pretensions, have been started. One of them is at Paris, being *La France*, edited by M. La Guéronnière, which aspires, in its literary department, by enlisting the best writers of the *Revue Européenne*, to compete with the *Journal des Débats*. The other is *La Semaine Universelle*, which is written at Paris, but published at Brussels, as the political editorship, combining various shades of liberalism, is more conveniently managed there. As a preliminary to that grand undertaking, the "Encyclopédie" of the nineteenth century, of which we have already spoken, a dinner took place the other day in the grand new hotel that was to have been called the Hôtel de la Paix. The chair was taken by M. Michel Chevalier, and Messrs. Pereire and Duveyrier were there, to meet a large party of their partners and literary staff, including several eminent men of science and of letters. We know that they dined together, but that is all we shall know about it until the commencement of the winter season.

ART AND SCIENCE.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTICES.

We believe that it is likely that the discoverers of the Cyrene marbles, the latest additions to the national collection, will soon publish some account of their researches. Such a narrative would be not merely interesting to archaeologists, but would be valuable as an authentic record of the *provenance*,—we are obliged to use a French word,—of some very important statues. We may mention that the putting together, not restoration, of these marbles, has been for the most part completed, and the result for interest and variety exceeds our anticipations.

From Rome we have interesting accounts of an excavation at the Villa Negroni—made in carrying out the works for the new railway-station,—which has brought to light a Nymphæum, described as very beautiful, and ornamented

with very good frescoes, mosaics, mosaic pavements, and four good statues, of which the most important appears to be a colossal one of Faustina the Elder or Younger, it is not stated which, which has been all or half-gilt, the gilding being quite fresh upon much of the upper part. This is a remarkable discovery, and bears upon the question of the ancient application of colour to surfaces; but we must remember that Roman portrait-sculpture is too far declined for us to follow it as a model, especially in the most difficult questions of taste. Almost to the last its works show a recollection of the breadth and grandeur of the best age of Greek art, which, save in Germany, the moderns have entirely missed; but we must be very careful not to be deceived by this shadowy reminiscence into the idea of intrinsic excellence. The same excavation has produced a torso of Mercury, said to be good. Notwithstanding these remains, the rooms appeared to have been plundered, in former times, of all the marble slabs. The situation of the ruin is to the north of the Esquiline Hill, not far from the supposed site of the Nymphæum Divi Alexandri of the Lower Empire. A Nymphæum, named after Alexander Severus, might have been begun under the Antonines, and we have little doubt that it is the same as that excavated, for that two such edifices should have stood in the same neighbourhood is not likely.

We must warn young collectors against a common imposition. Excavations in the City, and works carried on in the Thames, constantly lead to the discovery of remains of Roman or Mediæval London. Roman large brass coins of the Antonine age, small brass of the period of Constantine, arms of these times, and Mediæval objects of various kinds, are not uncommon, but usually they are very much worn, and, after the earliest days of collecting, a coin "so old that nothing can be seen upon it" loses its charm. The navvies, to supply the demand, buy miscellaneous copper coins, and pretend to bring them from their excavations: we have seen a Carthaginian coin, Roman coins of all ages, and a recent Oriental piece, which had been sold as found in an excavation in the City, and with them some Mediæval objects in lead of a class the authenticity of which has been disputed. The navvies are becoming shrewd. Soon they will make a digging and discover, as is done at Pompeii, whatever you wish. We have seen gems, in the Poniatowski style, dug up at Jerusalem, which deceived an archaeologist of some experience in other branches. While upon this subject, we may mention that the forgery of ancient coins is becoming a fine art, and may be expected to take prizes in the next International Exhibition, if there is to be another before the Greek Calends. The forgers in Persia who burn their casts, the Indians who give them a look of antiquity by using muslin as a lining to the mould, are beaten by some European workmen who sell their wares in France and Italy, no matter where they make them.

Speaking of coins, we must mention the completion of M. Cohen's important work on the Roman imperial series.* It entirely supersedes its predecessor by Mionnet, and for its practical information will be of the greatest use to numismatists, whether students or collectors. A continuation of this work, treating of Byzantine coins, has been undertaken by M. Sabatier. It will be in two volumes; the first has already appeared, and enables us to judge that it is equally valuable intrinsically, besides that it supplies a still more urgent need.† With M. Cohen's previous work on the Roman Consular Coins ("Description des Monnaies de la République Romaine") we have a complete encyclopædia on the Roman currency, and its legitimate successor, the Byzantine.

Among the antiquities from Assyria in the British Museum, a small Arab earthenware vase has lately been brought to notice from objects which, for want of space, cannot be exhibited. Its inscription, which runs round the neck, is in Cufic characters of about the twelfth century of our era, containing a prayer for the owner. So far, it is not remarkable; but the inscription is reversed, like that of a seal. Can this peculiarity, which is quite new to us, have any magical object?

Dr. Tischendorf has not offered any evidence as to the genuineness of the famous Codex Sinaiticus, or Golden MS., of which M. Simonides claims to be the scribe. If Dr. Tischendorf has been thus mistaken we shall lose all faith in the practical skill of the German school, remembering the famous historical work which Lepsius and Dindorf approved, and the latter printed. But, what is very much to the point, we hear it positively asserted that the monks, like the Samaritans at Nablos, have been in the habit of showing several MSS. to those who wished to see the Golden MS., and it is stated that the true codex has been seen at the convent since its alleged removal to Russia. We trust that the Emperor of Russia, who has an undoubted claim to supervise the establishment, will have the library of the Convent of St. Catherine properly examined, and will send a trustworthy librarian to organize and take charge of its remains.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

AMONGST the arts which have now become lost must be classed the manufacture of the celebrated Damascus sword-blades. In olden times they were of the highest repute in Europe and the East; their elasticity was so great that they could be bent into a circular form without breaking, at once springing back to their original shape when released, whilst their edge was as keen as a razor, so that common iron and even steel would divide under the force of a blow, without the blade becoming injured. The mode of manufacture was kept a profound secret by the armourers of Damascus, although, from the peculiar wavy surface of regular bright and dark lines which they presented, there is little doubt that they were constructed of alternate layers of iron and steel welded together by a method the exact description of which is now lost. Recently, sword-blades

* Description Historique des Monnaies frappées sous l'Empire Romain, communément appelées Médailles Impériales. Par Henry Cohen. 6 vols. Paris: Rollin & Feuardent; London: Curt. 1859—1862.

† Description Générale des Monnaies Byzantines frappées sous les Empereurs d'Orient depuis Arcadius jusqu'à la Prise de Constantinople par Mahomet II. Par J. Sabatier. Vol. I. 1862. Paris: Rollin & Feuardent; London: Curt.

closely resembling the old Damascus scimitars have been made at Solingen, in Germany. The markings on their surface nearly resemble the minute and graceful shadings of fine watered silk, and are due to the method of fabricating the blade, and also to the combined metals of which it is composed. These blades are said to quite equal the old Damascus ones in temper and elasticity. They are made in the following manner:—A faggot is first formed of alternate fine bars or wires of iron and steel. Such a bundle is then drawn out, doubled and twisted several times, and formed into a ribbon. A thin blade of the best English cutting steel is then taken, and being placed between two of these forged ribbons of iron and steel, the three are welded together, and formed into a sword-blade. The interior thin blade of English steel gives the sword a desirable and perfect cutting edge, whilst the combined twisted iron and steel, of which the outside layers are composed, impart to it peculiar toughness, as well as the beautiful wavy surface for which it is also much prized. When ground and polished no wavy lines are recognized, but by dipping the blade for a short period into dilute sulphuric acid a portion of the iron on the surface is dissolved, whilst the fine steel bars become black, and appear in dark lines contradistinguished from the white wavy lines of the iron bars. After the blades are forged in this manner, a great deal of their excellence depends upon the mode of tempering them. Much of the superiority of the old Damascus blades is supposed to have depended upon this. One mode in which this is reported to have been effected consisted in heating the hardened blade to a blue colour, and handing it to a rider seated on horseback, who instantly started off at a gallop, waving the blade against the cold north wind, which was required to be blowing all the time or the operation could not be performed. This we look upon as more poetical than scientific, for it would be scarcely possible to temper a thin piece of steel in this manner during the coldest days of winter, however keenly the north wind might be blowing. It is stated that the Russian General Anosoff rediscovered the process of producing Damascus steel, by smelting 11 lb. of charcoal iron in a crucible with 1-12th of graphite, 1-32nd of iron scales, and about 1-24th of a fusible flux such as dolomite. These substances were submitted to intense heat in a blast furnace for about five hours, when the scoria was skimmed off and the molten ingot of steel thus formed was drawn under the hammer, and submitted to several reheatings and hammerings. Of steel thus made it is asserted that General Anosoff made several blades like those of Damascus, having the same dark and light wavy lines which were produced after the blade was formed, by pouring dilute sulphuric acid over it.

There is little doubt that recent discoveries and improvements in metallurgy, and especially that branch bearing upon the manufacture of steel, have placed manufacturers in a position to surpass all that has been accomplished by the old armourers. The remarkable properties of some of the alloys of iron and steel with metals which only the other day were looked upon as chemical curiosities—notably with titanium and tungsten—have placed resources at our disposal which the old manufacturer could never possess. The production of tungsten steel in quantity would place all classes of mechanics in possession of a new alloy of the most extraordinary properties. The density of the iron is increased by nearly one-third; it becomes almost a noble metal in its indifference to chemical agencies; whilst its great strength and powers of resistance to both tensile and crushing force point it out as the most fitting material for all offensive and defensive warlike purposes in which its increased weight would not prove an obstacle.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

THE METEOR.

SIR,—The accounts hitherto published of the great meteor of Friday night last are so closely agreeing that some of their results may not appear without interest.

At London the meteor was seen to burst directly over-head, and thence to proceed a considerable distance in a direction 69° west from north.

At Nottingham the meteor descended towards an earth-point in 42° west from south, in a course there inclined 33° to the horizon. A height of sixty-three miles over London is inferred from this result.

At Hay (South Wales) the meteor is similarly inferred to have sought an earth-point 70° east from south, and to have passed over London at a height of fifty-seven miles.

At Torquay the earth-point appeared to bear 9° east from north, and a height is inferred, over London, of fifty-seven miles and three-quarters.

At Hawkhurst, the mean of five independent accounts, places the earth-point in 66° West from North; but a height over London is inferred, of 47 miles only, from the same mean.

A place seven miles south-west of Hereford, appears to be the spot indicated by these observations, where the meteor would have struck the ground; its bearings from the above places in their order being as follows:—

		(Observed.)
From London.....	70° W. fr. N.	69° W. fr. N.
„ Nottingham.....	46 W. fr. S.	42 W. fr. S.
„ Hay (South Wales)...	70 E. fr. S.	70 E. fr. S.
„ Torquay.....	14 E. fr. S.	9 E. fr. N.
„ Hawkhurst.....	62 W. fr. S.	66 E. fr. N.,

and differing in no case more than 5° from the value observed.

This spot falls only 13 miles short of Hay, which sufficiently accounts for contortions in its flight which were there observed.

Accepting 56 miles as the probable height of the outburst over London, and 120 miles the distance from London where it would have struck the earth, the meteor appears to have descended at 25° from a horizontal direction downwards towards 70° west from north. Probably it was first visible at 80 miles above

Canterbury, and gradually disappeared about 33 miles over Oxford, performing the 115 miles in little more than three seconds of time.

It is remarkable that a large meteor was here seen by daylight on the afternoon of the same date as the above meteor. The time was 4.45 p.m., the direction from W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., alt. 36°, to S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., alt. 7°. At the latter of these positions the meteor burst into many sparks.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ALEXANDER S. HERSCHEL.

Collingwood, Hawkhurst, Sept. 23rd, 1862.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ILLUMINATING POWER OF PETROLEUM.—It has been very rightly remarked, that the difference of price per gallon is not always difference of cheapness between two burning fluids for illuminating purposes. A mixture of alcohol and turpentine may be bought for half a crown, and yet it is more expensive when the quantity of light given is taken into account, than sperm oil costing three shillings and sevenpence. The low price of refined petroleum having of late caused its extensive use, the experiments of Professor Booth and Mr. Garrett of Philadelphia as to its illuminating powers are very interesting. They were mainly made to test the relative illuminating power of mineral oil in respect to that of common coal-gas. Four kinds of oil were tried, but there was very little difference between them. It was found that 2.599 gallons of mineral oil gave a light equal to 1,000 cubic feet of gas, while it required no less than 11.699 gallons of burning fluid (alcohol and turpentine) to produce an equal amount of light. Various experiments were also made to determine what form of flame gave the most intense light with the least quantity of oil, and it was found that a clean straight-cut wick gave the best results. With a clean straight-cut wick, 2.576 gallons of oil gave a light equal to 1,000 cubic feet of gas, while with an arched flame 2.846 were required. Losses of from 4 to 20 per cent. were observed with different trimmed wicks. Other experiments showed that to produce a light equal to 1,000 cubic feet of gas took 35.53 lbs. of paraffin, 41.16 of spermaceti, and 47.18 of adamantine candles. The relative cost of the lights were: gas, 8s. 9d.; petroleum, 4s. 5½d.; spermaceti candles, £4. 3s. 4d.; paraffin candles, £2. 8s. 8d.; adamantine candles, £2. 11s. 5½d. Judging from these experiments, therefore, petroleum is the cheapest known source of artificial light.

ADAPTATION OF FIRE-ENGINES TO LOCOMOTIVES.—The need of some efficient and ready means of extinguishing fires so liable to occur in machine shops and other buildings at large railway stations has long been felt. Mr. Dyer Williams, the master mechanic of the New York Railroad, has devised the ingenious plan of adding fire-engine apparatus to the ordinary locomotives which are kept at the principal stations for the purpose of shifting the carriages and doing other local work. The steam-pump thus attached to these engines throws, through two discharge-pipes, two powerful streams of water at the same time, whilst, from the nature of the work these "switching" engines are engaged upon, they are available at any moment, and as they are fitted with supply-tanks containing 2,500 gallons of water, they have the means of exerting instantaneously a powerful influence on a fire at its outbreak without any delay whatever for the connecting or obtaining a continuous supply of water.

EXPENDITURE OF SILVER IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—The experiments of Mr. Spiller, the superintendent of the chemical department at Woolwich, show that the quantity of silver actually used in producing photographic pictures is very small. A full-sized sheet of albumenized paper necessitates the employment of fifty grains of nitrate of silver, which, at the rate of four shillings per ounce troy, costs fivepence; of this amount, however, ten grains only are actually expended, or one pennyworth of silver per sheet, the remaining forty grains, or their equivalent in metal or silver compounds, being recoverable from the waste solutions and other products of the photographic operations. The value of the gold expended in toning the prints likewise amounts to one penny per sheet. The value of the whole of the remaining chemicals, viz., the hyposulphide and carbonate of soda, common salt, sulphur, and kaolin, fall within the limits of a halfpenny.

CIRCULAR PANORAMIC PRINTS.—Mr. Sutton proposes to make the panoramic lens available for producing photographic pictures including an angle of 90°, vertically as well as horizontally, by using glasses in the form of a segment of a sphere, instead of that of a cylinder now in use. The focus in such pictures would be perfect in every part except where an object happened to be nearer to the operator than ten or twelve yards, and which would rarely happen.

NEW MODE OF GOLD MINING.—The gold miners of California have had the felicitous idea of attacking with water the masses of sand and earth forming the auriferous deposits. The water is brought in pipes and thrown in powerful jets upon the soil, producing an astonishing action in levelling the mounds and washing out the nuggets of gold. At Brandy City, in the hilly county of the northern parts, there are numerous rich diggings, but the soil is very hard, and the application of water has proved highly beneficial and rendered the work incomparably more rapid and more productive. One of the columns of water there falls for more than eighty yards, and detaches great masses of earth, while at the same time it washes and separates from it the gold it contains.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON is making excursions in Bohemia among the strata older than the Silurian, and to inspect some portions of the Permian formation, which he had not seen on former occasions. The Vienna Geological Institute, under the direction of M. Haidinger, have supplied him with their latest maps, sheets, and M. Lipold has conducted him to some very interesting sections.

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